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ONE SHILLING.

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THE FUNERAL OF THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN: THE CHIEF MOURNERS FOLLOWING THE HEARSE.

The funeral of the Crown Princess of Sweden (formerly known as Princess Margaret of Connaught) took place at Stockholm on May 13. The coffin was borne in procession from the Royal Castle to Storkyrkan Church, the place of burial, the chief mourners following the hearse on foot. In front on the left in our photograph is seen the bereaved Crown Prince, with his two elder sons, Prince Gustav and Prince Sigvard, Princess Ingrid,

and Prince Bertil. The youngest child, Prince Carl Johan, was not present. In the next row King Gustav of Sweden is seen in the centre, turning towards King Haakon of Norway on his left, and having on his right (next) the King of Denmark and Prince Arthur of Connaught. On King Haakon's left is Prince Gustav of Denmark. Beyond these were four Swedish Princes, with the Earl of Onslow, representing King George.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.

SWEDEN AND GREAT BRITAIN LINKED IN MOURNING: A ROYAL FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



SWEDISH SOLDIERS (ON FOOT) IN ANCIENT UNIFORMS: THE FUNERAL OF THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.



BEARING A CROSS OF WHITE FLOWERS BEFORE THE HEARSE: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION TO THE CHURCH.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AT STOCKHOLM: THE HEARSE FOLLOWED BY THE CHIEF MOURNERS (ON FOOT), INCLUDING THE CROWN PRINCE AND FOUR OF HIS CHILDREN.



DRAPED IN THE BRITISH AND SWEDISH FLAGS, WITH HER CROWN ON TOP: THE COFFIN ON ITS DECORATED HEARSE.



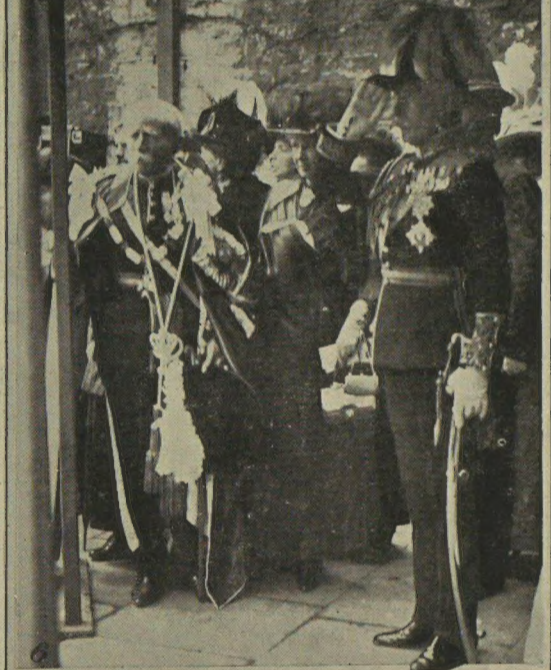
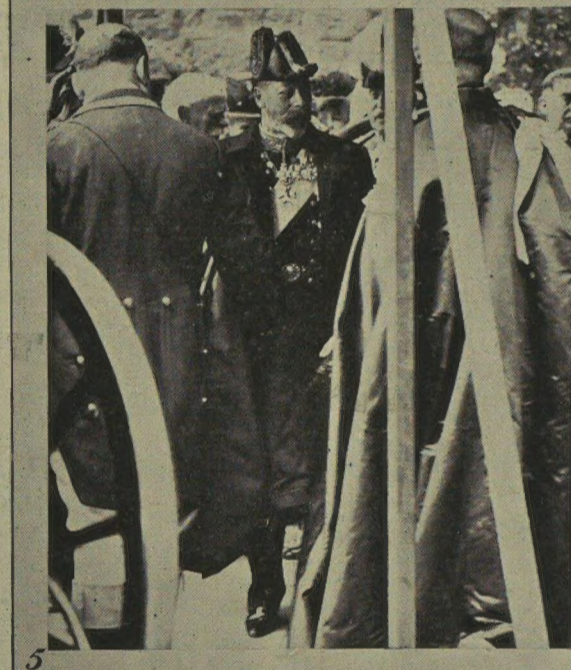
WITH THE PRINCESS'S CROWN AND A CROSS OF MARGUERITES UPON IT: THE COFFIN BORNE INTO THE CHURCH.

The funeral of the late Crown Princess of Sweden (Princess Margaret of Connaught), which took place in Stockholm on May 13, was very impressive and picturesque. The flowers and foliage which she loved so much were used in abundance, both in wreaths and crosses, and in the decoration of the route of the procession and of the Storkyrkan Church, where the burial service was conducted by the Archbishop of Upsala. On the coffin, which was draped in the Swedish colours and the Union Jack, was laid a cross of marguerites, together with the late Princess's crown, which was removed after the "Te Deum." The cortège was headed by a squadron of Life Guards, followed by other

Swedish soldiers dressed in old-time uniforms on foot, the Master of the late Princess's Household, and other officials. A cross of white flowers was borne before the hearse, which was drawn by six horses and escorted by the Crown Prince's Aides-de-Camp. Behind the hearse walked the Crown Prince bare-headed, with four of his children (as shown on our front page), followed by the Kings of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, Prince Arthur of Connaught (the late Princess's brother), and other Royal Princes and representatives. The route was lined by Swedish troops, with some British Marines. The coffin was carried into the church to the strains of Chopin's "Funeral March."

INSTALLING KNIGHTS OF THE BATH: A RITE RESTORED BY THE KING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., NEWS ILLUSTRATIONS, L.N.A., AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



1. LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY: LORD AND LADY HORNE.
4. LEAVING: ADMIRAL-OF-THE-FLEET EARL BEATTY, WITH COUNTESS BEATTY.
7. ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE CEREMONY: EARL HAIG.

2. LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON.
5. THE SOVEREIGN OF THE ORDER: HIS MAJESTY THE KING LEAVING THE ABBEY.
8. A KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER: GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON LEAVING.

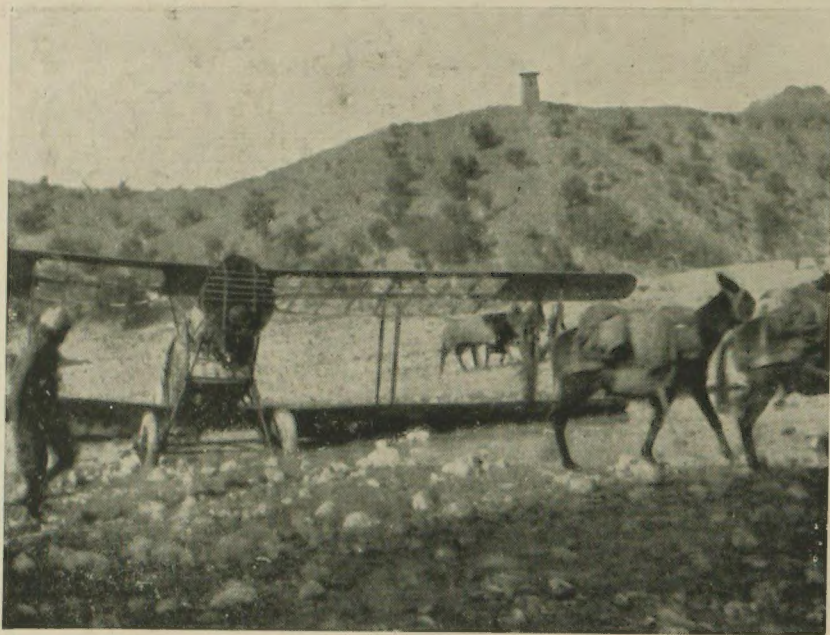
3. ARRIVING FOR THE CEREMONY: GENERAL LORD RAWLINSON.
6. THE GREAT MASTER OF THE ORDER SALUTING THE SOVEREIGN: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
9. AT WESTMINSTER FOR THE CEREMONY: ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES, OF ZEEBRUGGE FAME.

The installation of a number of new Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath took place at Westminster Abbey on May 18, with all the dignified ceremonial handed down from ancient times. The King took part as Sovereign of the Order, and the Duke of Connaught as its Great Master. It was his Majesty, we may recall, who in 1913 revived the ceremony of installation, which had been in abeyance for many years. As a degree of knighthood "the Bath" dates back to Saxon times, but it was not until 1725 that it was created a military Order, by George I. In 1814 the Order was enlarged, and the

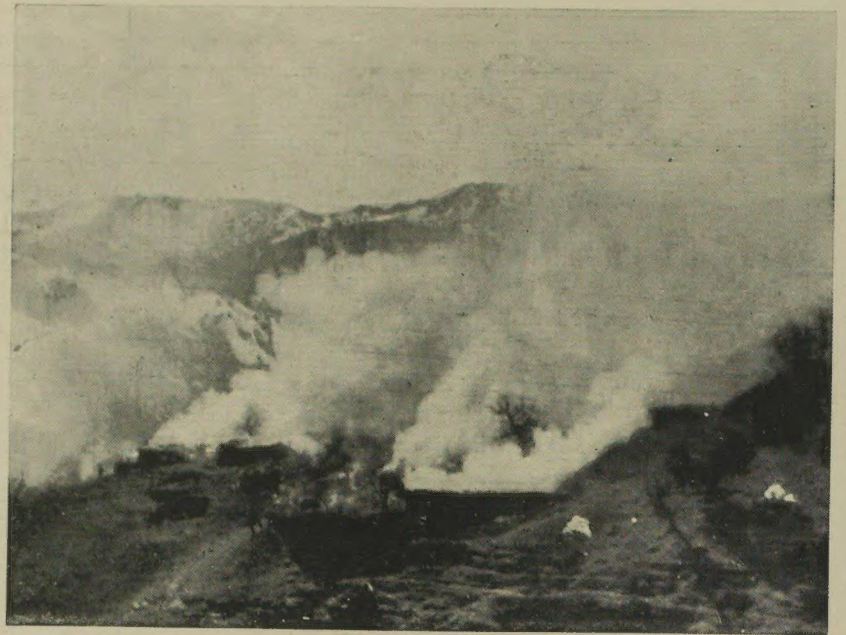
Knights divided into the three classes of Knights Grand Cross, Knights Commanders, and Companions. In 1913 forty-six senior Knights Grand Cross were installed, and since that date twenty-two vacancies have occurred. Among the twenty-two G.C.B.s to be installed on the 18th were Lord Reading, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Hedworth Meux, and General Sir Francis Wingate. In the photograph showing the Duke of Connaught saluting the King may be seen, on the left, General Sir George Higginson, probably the oldest living member of the Order.

THE RESTLESS WORLD: WAZIRISTAN; MEXICO; ASIA MINOR; SLESVIG.

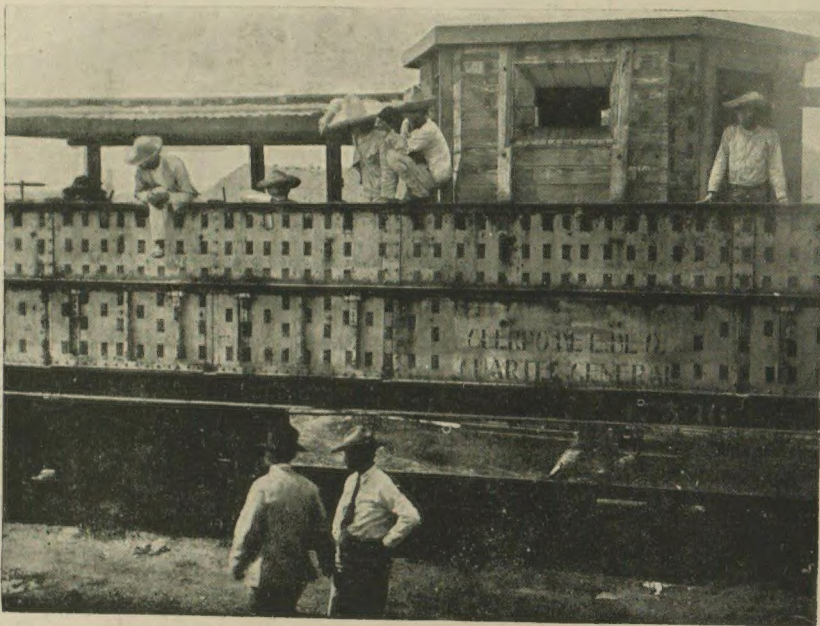
PHOTOGRAPHS OF SLESVIG BY FRANKL



SHOT DOWN BY MAHSUDS DURING THE WAZIRISTAN FIGHTING:
A BRITISH AEROPLANE NEAR AHNAI TANGI.



PUNISHMENT FOR SNIPING A BRITISH CAMP AND PICKETS:
THE DESTRUCTION OF A VILLAGE IN WAZIRISTAN.



DURING THE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO: AN ARMoured TRUCK WITH
GOVERNMENT TROOPS ATTACHED TO A TRAIN FOR PROTECTION.



TYPICAL OF MUSTAPHA KEMAL'S FORCES IN ASIATIC TURKEY: A
NATIONALIST GUARD AT KARABIGHA, ON THE SEA OF MARMORA.



THE DANISH OCCUPATION OF NORTHERN SLESVIG: DANISH TROOPS,
PRECEDED BY A BAND, ENTERING HADERSLEBEN.



IN THE FIRST SLESVIG PLEBISCITE ZONE: DANISH TROOPS OF OCCUPA-
TION PASSING FRENCH TROOPS READY TO LEAVE, AT HADERSLEBEN.

The two upper photographs were taken during the recent operations against the Mahsuds in Waziristan. The first shows a British aeroplane shot down after a big action on January 14. The second shows the burning of a village whose inhabitants had continually sniped the British camp and pickets.—During the Mexican revolution armoured trucks manned by Government troops have been attached to trains on the National Railway to protect them against attack. Our photograph was taken on the line between Tampico

and San Luis Potosi.—The adjoining photograph shows the Nationalist guard left at the village of Karabigha, on the south shore of the Sea of Marmora, after its capture by Mustapha Kemal's men under Edham Bey on April 26. The men shown are described as "very typical of his adherents," well armed, and "very like brigands." It was recently reported that the Allies were opening negotiations with Mustapha Kemal.—The Danish occupation of the First Slesvig Plebiscite Zone began on May 5.

ST. JOAN OF ARC: LONDON'S PAGEANT TO HONOUR THE NEW SAINT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, C.N., L.N.A., AND TOPICAL.



THE WESTMINSTER PAGEANT IN HONOUR OF ST. JOAN OF ARC: CHILDREN OF MARY IN THE PROCESSION.



IN HONOUR OF ST. JOAN THE MARTYR: ANOTHER PART OF THE PROCESSION NEAR WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.



WITH JOAN THE VICTOR, BEARING A LARGE PALM: ANOTHER PART OF THE PROCESSION AT WESTMINSTER.



REPRESENTING THE FRENCH EMBASSY: THE SECRETARY, WITH NAVAL AND MILITARY ATTACHÉS AND THE FRENCH CONSUL.



BEARING A REPLICA OF THE MAID'S OWN BANNER SPECIALLY SENT FROM FRANCE: "ST. JOAN OF ARC."

Simultaneously with the canonisation of Joan of Arc in St. Peter's at Rome on Sunday, May 16, a celebration in her honour was held at Westminster Cathedral in London. Religious services took place in the morning. The chief event of the afternoon was a pageant organised by the Catholic Women's League, mainly composed of women and children, and including members of the League itself, the Children of Mary, the Catholic Suffrage Society, the Women's Guild of the Blessed Sacrament, and Roman Catholic nurses, University students, and Girl Guides. In the French section were many Red

Cross nurses and school-girls. The French Embassy, in the absence of M. Paul Cambon, the Ambassador, at Lympne, was represented by the Secretary and Attachés. St. Joan herself was impersonated by a beautiful girl of seventeen (whose name was not divulged), clad in armour, which had been lent by Mrs. H. B. Irving, and mounted on a grey charger. Two other girls, on foot, represented respectively Joan the Victor (in white, with a large palm) and Joan the Martyr (in flaming red, with the martyr's palm and escorted by nuns and French school-children). The procession numbered about 3000.



By HILAIRE BELLOC.

ONE of the minor results of the wars in which Europe has indulged for the last three thousand years (we are told they are now over) is the perpetual shifting and re-shifting of movable objects of art. Pictures, statues, furniture, plate, and even architectural details go wandering about the world, now following conquest, now shooting off sideways along some economic line of least resistance which war has produced and which has benefited neutrals or even the defeated party.

A very wise woman told me in my youth a fable which I have always remembered: one of those fables in which animals talk. It seems that a mule carrying an Italian statue on its back and scrambling with difficulty down the Italian side of a Lombard pass astonished his muleteer by saying when he got to the bottom (it was in 1815, in the settlement that followed Waterloo): "My dear Sir, it may astonish you to hear that by a curious coincidence I am that same mule who carried this same statue over the pass the other way, for Napoleon, only ten years ago; and it does seem to me very hard upon us mules that we should have to spend our time carrying heavy marble statues first over the Alps and then back again. Why not leave them where they are?" The mule having thus spoken shut his mulish mouth, and for ever after held his peace.

The mule was right. It would be far better for the world if things were left in the places for which they were meant. I never see a beautiful thing in a museum without a feeling of irritation, for it is put into the very place where it looks worst, is most out of place and least fulfils its function, and nine times out of ten it is not in the climate or society for which it was intended.

But apart from this monstrous modern amassing of things curious and valuable in museums (the real value of museums is that they are warm in winter, and the tramps have long ago found it out), there is that ceaseless circulation, the consequence of war. It is going on to-day under our noses, but, oddly enough, not on the same scale as marked it in the past. The worst form of it is the passage of manuscripts and pictures to America. I say the worst form, although it has two good sides to it: first, that the Americans really do appreciate these things, and do not get them merely because they have been talked about; and, secondly, because the Americans take a good deal of trouble to preserve what they think valuable: and in those parts of their country where these things are for the most part stored, the climate is preservative. Still, it is a pity for European things, meant for our world, to find themselves in surroundings so utterly different from our own. It is a very long and distant exile. Nor does there seem, as was the case with very many of these things in the past, any chance of their return. But one never knows—the great mark of all history is the incredible difference

between the expected and the real future of any generation.

There is one set of things we do not move about now as a result of conquest or of economic change: pillars. There was a moment in the history of the world—the entry of the Dark Ages and their continuance—when pictures appear to have hardly moved at all, statues only a little, but pillars continually. All up and down the Mediterranean you will find in one church or ruin after another a pillar which the expert tells you, or which tradition informs you, had come from hundreds of miles away. It was one of the first ideas of the conqueror or the merchant to get hold of a pillar from some distant place and put it up in the place of his own choice. I suppose the reason was that a great monolith of carefully carved work could hardly be reproduced as civilisation declined, save at an impossible expense, or perhaps not at all if the art of making it had been lost.

And when that day came the Spaniards still remembered the bells of St. James. They took them down from their chains. They poured out the oil. They put back the clappers again. They loaded them upon the backs of Moorish captives and made these unfortunately symbolic men carry them for weeks and weeks of marching, till they were restored to Santiago. And there they are to this day. That is how they tell the story. I do not know whether it is true or not, but I hope it is.

Not the least astonishing thing about the peregrinations of books and parchments and statues and paintings is the little damage they seem to get in their wanderings. During the Dark Ages the manuscripts of classic antiquity took refuge in Ireland. Ireland became a sort of depository (so I am assured by the learned), and when you trace the history of a manuscript you continually find a period of Irish repose when it lay in that island secure from the barbarians. And,

apart from this long travel over sea, manuscripts went flying from Northumberland to Apulia, from the Lusitanian monasteries to the Euphrates and back again, from Egypt to the waste lands of the Russian marches. To-day you find them haphazard. You find the Silver Codex right up at Upsala in Sweden. You find the Legend of St. Sylvester in Rome, where St. Sylvester was bishop, but coming not from Rome at all, but from Syria. And Paris, and the British Museum, and New York, and all the great centres get their parchments from the wide world. Yet how neat they still look! It is natural for them to look neat when they are *in situ*, though it is marvellous even then how they have been



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A HAWAIIAN CANOE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ABOUT TO TRY SURF-RIDING AT, WAUKIKI.

The Prince went for his first experience of surf-riding in a Hawaiian canoe which was under the charge of Duke Kahanamoku, the famous swimmer. The Prince took a paddle. His first surf-board rides were in company with Kahanamoku. Later, he rode alone. The first big wave he tried to catch turned him over, and he and his board parted company. The second try met with more success. He had learned the knack.—[Photograph by Clutterbuck.]

To this day we have something of the habit left; and London and Paris have amused themselves by putting up Egyptian obelisks, of all things in the world!

The most startling example of the shifting of objects through war and of their exact restoration lies, I think, in the story of the bells of St. James. When the Mohammedan armies swept over Spain, they reached in one of their far northern raids (but never permanently occupied) the Shrine of St. James in the Field of the Star: which place is one of the most marvellous in Europe. In the cavernous dark vault of the Cathedral there hung great bells, which were, I think, of silver, but of that I am not sure. These bells the Asiatics looted and took back to Cordova, their chief city. Now, all bells they hold accursed; and, indeed, the bell is a very Christian thing—so much so that those who hate the Christian religion thoroughly also hate the sound of bells. So when the Mohammedans had got the bells to Cordova, they took out the clappers, turned the bells upside down, and used them as lamps in the mosque. And there they swung for hundreds upon hundreds of years.

But there came a day when the tremendous business of the Reconquista reached its term, and the last southern strongholds of the Moors were captured.

preserved. It is natural, for instance, that the glorious Gospels of St. Chad should look in Lichfield as though they were written yesterday. But it is astonishing that a manuscript which has wandered all over the world in all weathers, in every kind of conveyance, should after so many centuries be preserved as in a thousand cases it has been preserved.

And so with the pictures. And the mutilated statues were not mutilated, it would seem, by travel, as a rule. When they have been found, they have been found mutilated. It is ignorance, or zeal, or accident that did it in the place to which they belonged: but not travel.

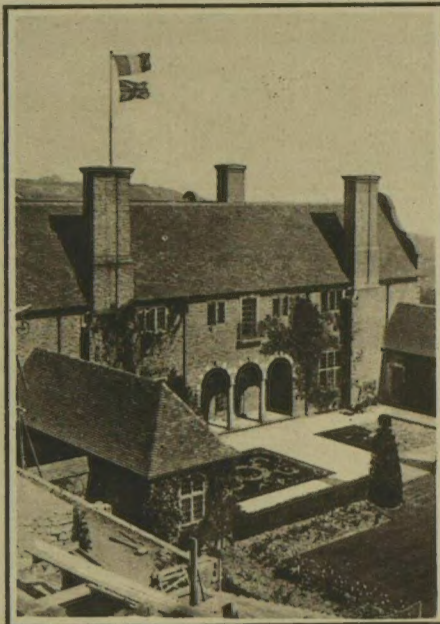
I should very much like to see—but only the very youngest alive now will live to see it—the final effect, in this respect, of the Great War. Will the enriched central, or semi-central, nations reap the harvest, or will the conquerors? Or (more probably) will the new centres of wealth (and I take it that the Rhine Valley will be the axis of these new centres) reap the harvest? Will they draw to themselves what have hitherto been in the palaces of kings and in the capitals that saw decay? Will Berlin keep its extraordinarily good collection? And what will happen to the treasures of Vienna?

GERMANY TO PAY £6,000,000,000? ALLIED PREMIERS AT LYMPNE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, TOPICAL, I.B., I.N.A., AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE FRENCH PREMIER AND FINANCE MINISTER: M. MILLERAND (LEFT) AND M. MARSAL AT LYMPNE.



FLYING FRENCH AND BRITISH FLAGS: SIR PHILIP SASSOON'S VILLA.



IN CORDIAL AGREEMENT: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND M. MILLERAND AT BELCAIRE, LYMPNE.



DURING THE LYMPNE CONFERENCE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M. MILLERAND, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, M. MARSAL, LADY ROCKSAVAGE, SIR MAURICE HANKEY, M. PAUL CAMBON, SIR PHILIP SASSOON, AND (MISSING ONE) LORD DERBY.



THE HOST AND SOME OF HIS GUESTS AT BELCAIRE: (L. TO R.) SIR PHILIP SASSOON, LADY ROCKSAVAGE, LORD DERBY, AND M. CAMBON.

An informal meeting between the French and British Premiers and Finance Ministers, to determine the lines of Anglo-French policy at the forthcoming conference with the Germans at Spa, took place on May 15 and 16 at Sir Philip Sassoon's villa, Belcaire, near Lympe, about seven miles from Folkestone. Mr. Lloyd George had been staying there to recuperate from his recent indisposition, and after the meeting he was advised to remain a little longer. M. Millerand, the French Premier, arrived at Folkestone in the war-ship "Ailette," accompanied by M. Marsal, Minister of Finance, M. Ader,



THE FRENCH PREMIER'S ARRIVAL AT FOLKESTONE: (L. TO R.) SIR PHILIP SASSOON, M. MILLERAND, AND MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

Coal Controller, and Lord Derby, British Ambassador in Paris. They were met by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt., M.P. for Hythe, who is Mr. Lloyd George's Private Secretary, and during the war was Private Secretary to Earl Haig at General Headquarters in France. An official statement issued after the conference said that the Allied financial experts were to prepare proposals fixing the German indemnity. It was reported later from Paris that Germany would be required to pay 125 milliard marks (£6,000,000,000).

FINALISTS AND SEMI-FINALISTS: THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G. AND I.B.



DEFEATED BY MISS CECIL LEITCH IN THE SEMI-FINALS: MISS DORIS FRASER.



THE FINALISTS: MISS CECIL LEITCH, THE WINNER (LEFT); AND MISS MOLLY GRIFFITHS.



DEFEATED BY MISS MOLLY GRIFFITHS IN THE SEMI-FINALS: MISS JANET JACKSON.



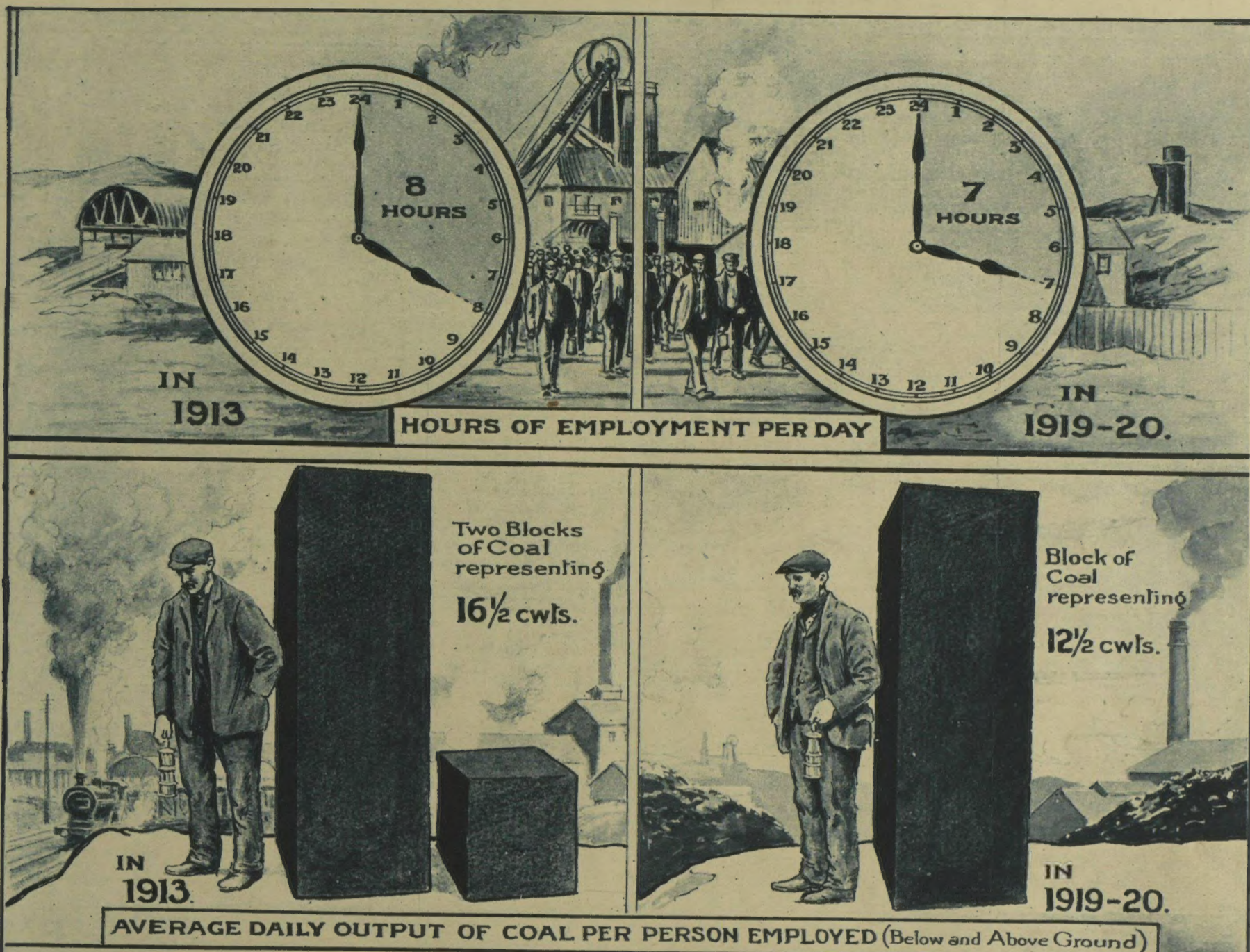
RECEIVING HER CUP: MISS CECIL LEITCH, WINNER OF THE LADIES' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Ladies' Open Championship Golf Meeting, revived this year at Newcastle, Co. Down, after being in abeyance "for the duration," ended in a 36-hole match between Miss Cecil Leitch, who won the last Championship at Hunstanton in 1914, and Miss Molly Griffiths, the young Sunningdale player, whose sensational golf has been so much discussed of late. It was a great match, and Miss Leitch played amazing golf. It was not only that she did not miss shots, but that she kept holing enormous putts to get down in one under the men's bogey, and to win the hole. Her first round was 79, and made her 6 up on Miss Griffiths, who was playing good enough golf to have given her an easy

win in some of the finals which have been played in other days in the Championship. Undoubtedly the best player won, but great praise is due to Miss Griffiths—not only for reaching the final at her first Championship, but also for the extremely plucky fight she put up. In the afternoon, when she had to start 6 down, she did the first nine holes in 41, to Miss Leitch's 40, but was beaten by 7 and 6. Interesting play was also seen in the semi-finals, when Miss Doris Fraser (Fulshaw), who uses no wood through the green, met Miss Leitch, and after an excellent fight was defeated by 4 and 3. Miss Janet Jackson (Malahide Island) was defeated by Miss Griffiths by one hole.

WHY COAL IS DEAR: LOOK ON THESE FIGURES AND ON THOSE.

DIAGRAMS BY W. B. ROBINSON, BASED ON OFFICIAL STATISTICS.



	Total.	Percentage of Total.	1913.	1919-20.	Increase.
Wages	£ 225,000,000	70.9	s. d. 6 4	s. d. 19 6¾	209 %
Timber & Stores	£ 43,000,000	13.6	1 0	3 9	275 %
Other Costs	£ 17,000,000	5.4	0 11	1 5¾	61 %
Royalties	£ 6,000,000	1.9	0 5½	0 6¼	14 %
Amortisation	£ 1,000,000	.3	—	0 1	—
Capital Adjustments	£ 4,000,000	1.2	—	0 4	—
Owners' Profits, guaranteed by Coal Mines (Emergency) Bill, 1920	£ 19,800,000	6.2	1 5	1 8½	21 %
Control and Contingencies	£ 1,684,000	.5	—	0 1¾	—
	£317,484,000	100.	10 1½	27 7	172 %

THE ACTUAL COST OF RAISING COAL 1919-20.
The above figures are based on the Accountant's Report, Appendix 3, of the Coal Mines Emergency Bill, 1920.

SHOWING THE PIT-HEAD COST PER TON OF COAL RAISED IN 1913 AND IN 1919.

IN 1913 AND 1920: AN INCREASE OF 209 PER CENT. IN WAGES AND 275 PER CENT. FOR TIMBER AND STORES.

The recent announcement that the maximum price of household coal was to be raised by 14s. 2d. a ton, was a severe blow to the householder. The reasons for the decision are to be found in the immensely increased cost of labour and material, combined with lower output, as compared with the year before the war. The Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade (Mr. Bridgeman) stated recently in the House of Commons: "The output of coal per person employed (below and above ground) in the coal industry was 259 tons in the year 1913, and 197½ tons in the year 1919. In the two central diagrams

our artist has shown the proportional difference in the daily output, taking the number of working days in the year as 365 less the number of Sundays. The smaller block of coal in the left-hand diagram represents the quantity (4 cwt., or 1-5th of a ton) by which the daily output per person employed in 1913 exceeded that of to-day. The other figures are explained above. It will be seen that wages (for a 7-hour day, as opposed to the former 8-hour day) have gone up by 209 per cent., and the cost of timber and stores by 275 per cent.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

A FINE array of important British portraits and a series of pictures by Old Masters from the collections of Field-Marshal the Hon. Lord Methuen, the Right Hon. the Earl Waldegrave, and the late Sir Mark Sykes, Bt., together with others, have just been sold at Christie's auction-rooms. The collection drew together as fashionable a gathering of *cognoscenti* as were present a few days earlier, when a magnificent pearl rope of 188 large graduated pearls of fine Orient sold for £54,000. The prices of these portraits and Old Masters indicated no falling off in the zest of collectors,

Those who find inspiration in Hans Memling, and remember his fifteenth-century work with colours still brilliant at Bruges and Chantilly, the "Madonna and Child Enthroned," with the Flemish background of a moated château with towers and pinnacles, once in the Ellenborough Collection, will find a rare ecstasy. The Virgin, dressed in red and dark blue, with a jewelled chaplet around her hair, is seated on a canopied throne between two Angels. The picture brought 540 guineas.

Ridolfo Bigordi (1483-1561), or, as he signed himself, Ghirlandajo ("the Garland Maker"), was entrusted by Raphael with the completion of one of his pictures. As a dark horse, Ghirlandajo has a canvas attributed to him in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, the "Madonna del Pozzo," which some hold to be by Raphael himself. A circular panel of "The Holy Family with the Infant St. John," which was exhibited at Burlington House in 1877, brought 950 guineas.

To come to British portraiture, with a halt at one or two Vandycks, and some not uninteresting comparisons which the collection affords, the brushwork of Sir Joshua can be compared with Gainsborough and with Raeburn. Hogarth has his sitter; Beechey, Cotes, and Hoppner fall into line with comparative values; and Millais' has his small group of "The Misses Armstrong Playing Cards," which falls last as an echo of the immediate past.

A great and famous Romney stands in the forefront of the sale—the life-size portrait group of Sir Christopher and Lady Sykes. It was painted in 1788. The price was 140 guineas, with five years' credit. The records tell of this long credit, and that the frame was £18 extra. The white satin dress exhibits the technique in which Romney excelled. It is suggestive of Gainsborough's Squire Hallett and his wife in "The Morning Walk." Gainsborough never had a fashionable crowd besieging his doors, and, as Fuseli said of Blake, he was "damned good to steal from." Even Sir Joshua's palette took a tinge of blue from his rival. This wonderful Romney, typical of eighteenth-century portraiture under a master hand, was knocked down for 27,000 guineas.

By the way, one ought to add that when the mansion at Sledmere was destroyed by fire in 1911, most of the art treasures, including this picture, were saved by the villagers. Exciting scenes of casting valuable works of art on hay-wains were witnessed, and the village church harboured many valuable books and pictures.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was a bee snatching from every flower. He stands on tradition. His Italian tour gave him a colour perspective which enabled him to find his *métier* and keep there. His "Mrs. Gwatkin" is a fine straight piece of work. As "Innocence," his Miss Gwatkin, with her folded hands in her lap, is well known in his gallery of children somewhat akin to those of Correggio.

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff, He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

He was deaf, and deaf men claim the privilege of only hearing what they wish.

In his portrait of the Duke of Gloucester, in scarlet military cloak, wearing the blue sash and Order of the Garter, Sir Joshua is himself, but somewhat sketchy, as though the royal visitor had not kept his appointments. This sold for 480 guineas. In his portrait of Sir Edward Walpole, in white naval coat with

blue vest and white cravat, Sir Joshua is not himself. It was Gainsborough with his "Blue Boy" that set Sir Joshua Reynolds thinking. It was not a paint-pot flung down in the face of the public, as Ruskin said of Whistler, but it certainly was a gauntlet thrown down to Sir Joshua's gamut of colours. The full-blooded portrait of Lord Heathfield in the National Gallery, with the key of Gibraltar in his hands, represents the love of Reynolds for Titian effects, rich reds and warm browns. He loved a scarlet uniform; he welcomed the brown hair and the hazel eyes of his fashionable sitters. But here in this portrait we have a pallor almost unhealthy; it is one of Sir Joshua's experiments. It left crimson and red; there is not a touch of scarlet. It is blue and grey and green-grey; but it lacks the sparkling *naïveté* of Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons," with her blue striped gown. It is as though Reynolds had painted in fog. The sitter looks as if he had been gassed. Oliver Goldsmith, frequent visitor to his studio and friend of the painter, has a couplet in his "Deserted Village" which reflects more than he knew when he writes, "Here the pale artist plies his sickly trade." Goldsmith was thinking of Reynolds in his studio in Leicester Square.

Raeburn claimed his toll from posterity in many fine portraits of sterling quality. His "Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Mackenzie Fraser," of Castle Fraser, Aberdeenshire, in scarlet military coat with blue lapels, showing swift and brilliant portraiture of a keen Scots face, brought 1050 guineas. His "Lady Belhaven" sold for 9500 guineas; and his "Mrs. John Pitcairn," which was shown at the Raeburn Exhibition in Edinburgh in 1876, brought 1900 guineas.

A wonderful portrait of Lord Brooke by Jean Marco Nattier, signed and dated 1749, brought 3500 guineas. As a delicate clean replica from the life this portrait strikes one forcibly—not by any forced note, but by sheer artistry. It is the mirror held to a



OLD STATUARY CARVED IN OAK: "AN ANGEL HOLDING THE KERCHIEF OF ST. VERONICA"—FLEMISH WORK ABOUT 1500.

From the Pierpont Morgan Bequest to the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York. Photograph supplied by Alfieri.

whose zeal for the acquisition of authenticated examples is as keen as ever it was. It must be admitted that, while a fine quality was the average, there were a few masterpieces which stood out in lofty grandeur, although flanked by a goodly company of hall-marked examples whose former owners were well-known connoisseurs. They are pages from the history of Italy, or heirlooms from the private galleries of the English nobility and gentry. In the chronicles of art Vasari and Dr. Waagen have left their marginal notes concerning some of these canvases; Smith has enshrined some in his "Catalogue Raisonné"; monographs of individual painters have illustrated them, or illustrated histories of art epochs have referred to them; others have been exhibited as Old Masters at Burlington House, the Grosvenor Gallery, and elsewhere; others, again, have been engraved and authentically perpetuated.

There is no auction-room in the world where so many masterpieces are gathered together at the same time to be sold, to pass again into the hands of collectors for another decade or two, and again come under the hammer. A few days' collective exhibition, and then dispersal—such is the history of canvases, which are immortal.

It was Lord Stanhope who tells that when he was in Spain with David Wilkie, and they were admiring Titian's "Last Supper" at the Escorial, an aged monk, approaching them, said, "I have sat in sight of that picture for over threescore years. My fellows have died one after one, some younger, some older; till only I am left. Nothing has changed in those figures on that canvas, large as life. As I look at them from my stall I sometimes think that they are the realities and we are the shadows."



OLD STATUARY IN LIMESTONE POLYCHROME: "ST. MARTIN GIVING HIS CLOAK TO A BEGGAR"—ILE DE FRANCE, ABOUT 1500.

From the Pierpont Morgan Bequest to the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York. Photograph supplied by Alfieri.

young nobleman, the "little Brooke" of Horace Walpole, who figured at the Court of Louis XV.

Altogether, the dispersal won acclamation and set new post-war valuations; and, if "comparisons are odious," the finger of posterity must inevitably sift the wheat from the chaff.

BLOWING UP TREE-STUMPS: WAR METHODS IN AGRICULTURE.

By COURTESY OF EXPLOSIVE TRADES LTD., 6, CAVENDISH SQUARE. PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. W. THOMAS AND NOIA STUDIOS.



LIKE A MINING OPERATION IN THE LATE WAR: BLOWING UP AN OAK STUMP, NEAR HASLEMERE.



AGAIN REMINISCENT OF THE WAR: BLASTING AN OAK STUMP—A NEARER VIEW OF THE EXPLOSION.



SHOWING HOW A LARGE OAK-TREE STUMP IS BROKEN UP BY EXPLOSIVES, AND THE ROOTS TORN OUT WITH A MINIMUM DISPLACEMENT OF SOIL: THE RESULT OF THE BLASTING.



WITH ELECTRIC WIRES CONNECTED: TREE-STUMPS READY FOR BLASTING.

A PAMPHLET giving hints to farmers says: "For many years Nobel-Glasgow Explosives have been extensively employed in opening up the virgin forests of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other countries. The application of electricity to blasting has simplified their use. . . . The hole should be bored with as little disturbance of the surrounding earth as possible. A crow-bar or a 3-in. auger may be used. . . . The cartridges should be placed under the bottom of the trunk, as near the centre as practicable (see lower photograph). . . . Tamping is of

[Continued opposite.



WITH AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE PLACED BENEATH THE ROOT, AND WIRED: A MODEL TREE-STUMP PREPARED FOR BLASTING—AN EXHIBIT AT KEW GARDENS.

Continued. the utmost importance. After pressing the cartridge firmly into the bore-hole, so that the first cartridge inserted is in direct contact with the bottom of the hole, and all the cartridges are touching each other, ram in a little clay or compact earth, then wet it, or use mud for filling up the entire opening. . . . Use only a wooden tamping rod. . . . When the charges have all been connected, the free wire of the first hole should be joined to one of the Twin Main Cable Wires, and the free wire of the last hole with the remaining wire of the cable, as illustrated" (right-hand centre photograph).

The use of explosives for removing tree-stumps, decayed trees, and so on, has proved so successful that nowadays the up-to-date estate owner or farmer no longer thinks of digging up or uprooting by hand. The chief advantages are speed and economy. By this means tree-stumps can be removed in as many minutes as it would have taken hours under the old antiquated methods, while the cost of a few explosive cartridges, detonators, and accessories compares well with the expense of hiring a team of horses for, say, a forenoon. Explosives Trades, Ltd., which business is conducted by Messrs.

Nobel, Eley, Kynoch, and other firms prominent in the manufacture of explosives during the war, have presented to Kew Gardens a model tree-stump ready for blasting. The lower photograph shows the exhibit in the Museum. The charge—gelignite—is seen in position, ready for the blast. An electric detonator has been inserted into one of the cartridges, and wires and cable joined up so that a turn of the exploder handle completes the work. On the back of the show-case are specimens of the various articles used in the blasting operation—namely, explosive cartridges, detonators, and electric detonators.

FISHING BY ARTILLERY: A WHALER'S HARPOON-GUN IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



A DIRECT HIT AT 40 YARDS: FIRING A HARPOON-GUN AT A WHALE, SHOWING THE ROPE IN THE AIR AND (INSET) THE GUN READY FOR ACTION.



CAUGHT! A WHALE, AFTER BEING HARPOONED, JUST TURNING TO DIVE BELOW, WHILE THE WHALER'S CREW MAKE READY TO PAY OUT THE ROPE.

Attention has just been directed to the whaling industry through the publication of a Report by a Committee appointed in 1917 to study the resources of the Falkland Islands and their dependencies in the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic regions. "More than a million square miles," it is stated, "are readily accessible for whale fishing, the whaling field within the dependencies being of greater importance than all the others in the world combined. . . . During the war, many of the vessels were destroyed by German sub-

marines, and others were diverted to other purposes. Nevertheless, the Committee think that the industry should be carefully watched, lest over-fishing bring on it the fate of the practically extinct whale fisheries of Northern waters." A certain amount of whaling, of course, still goes on in the North, as witness these photographs, taken in the vicinity of St. Kilda. That lonely island off the Hebrides, it may be recalled, has recently suffered severely from an epidemic of influenza, which attacked nearly the whole of its

[Continued opposite.]

AFLOAT AND FLAGGED: A DEAD WHALE AND MILLIONS OF FULMARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



CAST ADrift WITH A FLAG (TO MARK ITS POSITION) WHEN ANOTHER QUARRY IS SIGHTED: A CAPTURED WHALE AND (INSET) A 65 FT. SPERM WHALE ALONGSIDE A WHALER.



GREEDY FOR WHALE OIL: MILLIONS OF FULMAR PETRELS, WHICH BREED ON THE ISLAND OF ST. KILDA, FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF A WHALER.

Continued

small population of eighty, and put a stop to fishing. The Fulmar-Petrel, which breeds in vast numbers on St. Kilda, is very partial to whale oil. Millions of birds follow the whalers to pick up choice morsels. As regards whales, the "Everyman Encyclopædia" says: "Whale is the name for most members of the order Cetacea, which are relentlessly persecuted for the oil, whalebone, spermaceti, ivory, etc., which they yield. . . . The whalebone whales still develop rudimentary teeth before birth, but then these are displaced

by a large number of flattened plates of bone or baleen (i.e., whalebone) fringed at the edges, which strain the food from the water. . . . Most whales are inoffensive creatures and generally swim in herds. Whalebone is absent from the toothed Cetaceans, which include the dolphin, porpoise, narwhal, cachalot (sperm whale); the bottle-nose and beaked whales." Harpoons have, near the point, a cross-piece that prevents the shaft being withdrawn when fixed in the whale's body. The killing is done with a lance.

NEW TREASURES FOR THE NATION: A LANDSCAPE AND A COIN.

BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.



PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY MR. R. C. WITT, THROUGH THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND:
A LANDSCAPE BY CORNELIS VROOM.



WITH HEADS OF APHRODITE (OBVERSE) AND A LION (REVERSE): A SILVER TETRADRACHM OF CNIDUS (3RD CENT. B.C.)

We illustrate here and on the following page some of the recent art treasures secured for the nation through the National Art-Collections Fund, which has done such excellent service in that direction, and has prevented the export to other countries of many valuable works. Of Cornelis Vroom, the seventeenth-century Dutch painter, Dr. Bredius, of the Hague, writes: "It is only owing to the rarity of his works that this excellent master is so little known; for an artist who, before Jacob van Ruisdael was born, already painted in that master's 'modern' style, is one of the most important figures in the

history of landscape painting." The above picture is described as "a pure impression of Nature, free from all the mannerisms of his contemporaries." Cornelis Vroom was painter to the Prince of Orange, Frederik Hendrik.—The silver tetradrachm of the city of Cnidus, in Caria (third century B.C.), was bought by the National Art-Collections Fund for £450 from the late Sir Hermann Weber's collection, and given to the British Museum. No other example of this coin is known. The reverse bears the name of the magistrate Telesiphron, whose monogram also appears on the obverse.

NEW TREASURE FOR THE NATION: ITALIAN AND CHINESE ART.

By COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.



BY GIOVANNI DI PAOLO (1403-1482): "SS. FABIAN AND SEBASTIAN," PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



POSSIBLY MAITREYA, "THE NEXT BUDDHA TO COME": AN ANCIENT CHINESE FIGURE BOUGHT BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM FOR £1365.



BY UGOLINO DA SIENA (FOURTEENTH CENTURY): "TWO APOSTLES," PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY THE EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.

The panel of "SS. Fabian and Sebastian" (33 in. by 24½ in.), by Giovanni di Paolo (1403-1482) shows on the left the canonised Pope St. Fabian and on the right the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. The two panels of Apostles (unnamed) by Ugolino da Siena (? 1339), formed part of the altar-piece of Santa Croce, of which seven other panels were already in the National Gallery. The panels are of wood, measuring 17 in. by 8½ in. The National Art-Collections Fund was instrumental in obtaining both these works for the National Gallery. It also gave £700 of the £1365 raised by private subscription to

purchase for the British Museum the Chinese Buddhist figure shown above. "This remarkable figure was probably made during the Southern Sung Dynasty, A.D. 1126-1279. It is sculptured from joined wooden blocks, and measures 5 ft. 9 in. The wealth of jewellery recalls the Indian origin of Buddhist figures. . . . It has been suggested that this may be a figure of Maitreya, the next Buddha to come, who, in the early days of Buddhist art in India and in the conventionalised Chinese form was commonly represented in a sitting posture, wearing the long hair of a Brahmin ascetic."

THE FLOWERS OF SHAKESPEARE.

By ERNEST LAW, C.B., Author of "Shakespeare as a Groom of the Chamber," "Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries," etc.

AFTER "Shakespeare's Garden"—"Shakespeare's Flowers!" Just a month ago there appeared in *The Illustrated London News* some drawings from the artistic pencil of M. Forestier, showing the poet's garden as it was, is, and as it will be, it is hoped, in a year or two's time, when the plants with which it has lately been stocked—by contributions from lovers of Shakespeare all over the country—shall have made good growth and be in their fullest and finest flower. These plants are to be kept to such as are mentioned in his plays; or, at any rate, to such as were well known in his lifetime. What those chiefly are is shown in the coloured plate opposite; and by the aid of the plan herewith, the identity of each can easily be ascertained.

The criticism might, perhaps, be made that flowers of the spring and summer seasons, all in full bloom, are here mixed up together, thus presenting an impossible bouquet or bunch. But if the mingling thus of the season's bloomings be a fault, Shakespeare himself cannot be considered guiltless. For in Oberon's speech, beginning: "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," oxslips and violets are spoken of with summer-blooming thyme, musk roses, woodbine (honeysuckle) and eglantine (sweet briar). But then Titania's bower is not in the garden of a professor of botany, but in Fairyland, where the rigid rules of that unpoetical science do not prevail. And Shakespeare was certainly no botanist. Equally certain is it that he delighted in all flowers and herbs—in their colours, their habits, their places of growth, and particularly their simple beauty and fragrance, to which he rarely failed to make some poetic allusion. To him "the meanest flower that blows"—even the commonest dweller in our common meadows, woods, and hedgerows—gave, we may indeed say, "thoughts too deep for tears." How sweet the stanza on "The Spring" in the song at the end of "Love's Labour's Lost"—

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.

And how beautiful is Oberon's telling Puck to fetch him that "little western flower"—the viola or pansy—

Before milk-white, now purple
With love's wound,
And maidens call it "Love-in-idleness."

Ophelia speaks of it under its other name—

And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

This line at once recalls her touching words on that sweet old-English herb, rosemary, banned and scorned and driven out from pompous modern flowerbeds by such flaunting, pushing, soul-less aliens as geraniums (*alias* pelargoniums) "zonal" and "non-zonal"; and the whole tribe of calceolarias—even the varieties "amplexicaulis" and "aureofloribunda"—and all the other gaudy "bedding-out" stuffs.

Yes, let us keep our rosemary—

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray love, remember!

Yes, let us remember! and let us cherish all our old-fashioned, romantic, fragrant herbs—

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram—

lavender, the emblem of constancy in love; marjoram, "comforting to the brain," as says an old Elizabethan gardener; and rue—

There's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it "herb of Grace" o' Sundays.

The flower above all others which Shakespeare seems to have loved was the rose, in its many

the owner and cultivator of the largest garden in Stratford-upon-Avon—shows his most intimate knowledge, with a note of deeper affection, of flowers. We recall how Arviragus, believing the swooning Imogen to be dead, says—

Thou shalt not lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine.

Above all, it is Perdita, reciting to Polixenes the various products of the successive seasons in a garden, whom we may take as describing the very flowers—

transfigured in the radiance of the most beautiful imagery, expressed in the most musical of all Shakespeare's verse—which he himself must have had in his own garden at New Place—

The marygold that goes to
bed with the sun
And with him rises weeping:
these are flowers
Of middle summer . . .

. . . Sir, the year growing ancient—

Not yet on summer's death,
nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and
streak'd gillyvors.

The marigold here referred to is not the field one, which does not close its petals at sunset nor open them at dawn, but the garden flower. Shakespeare alludes to it likewise in that most beautiful song in "Cymbeline": "Hark, hark the lark at heaven's gate sings"—

And winking marybuds begin
to ope their golden eyes.

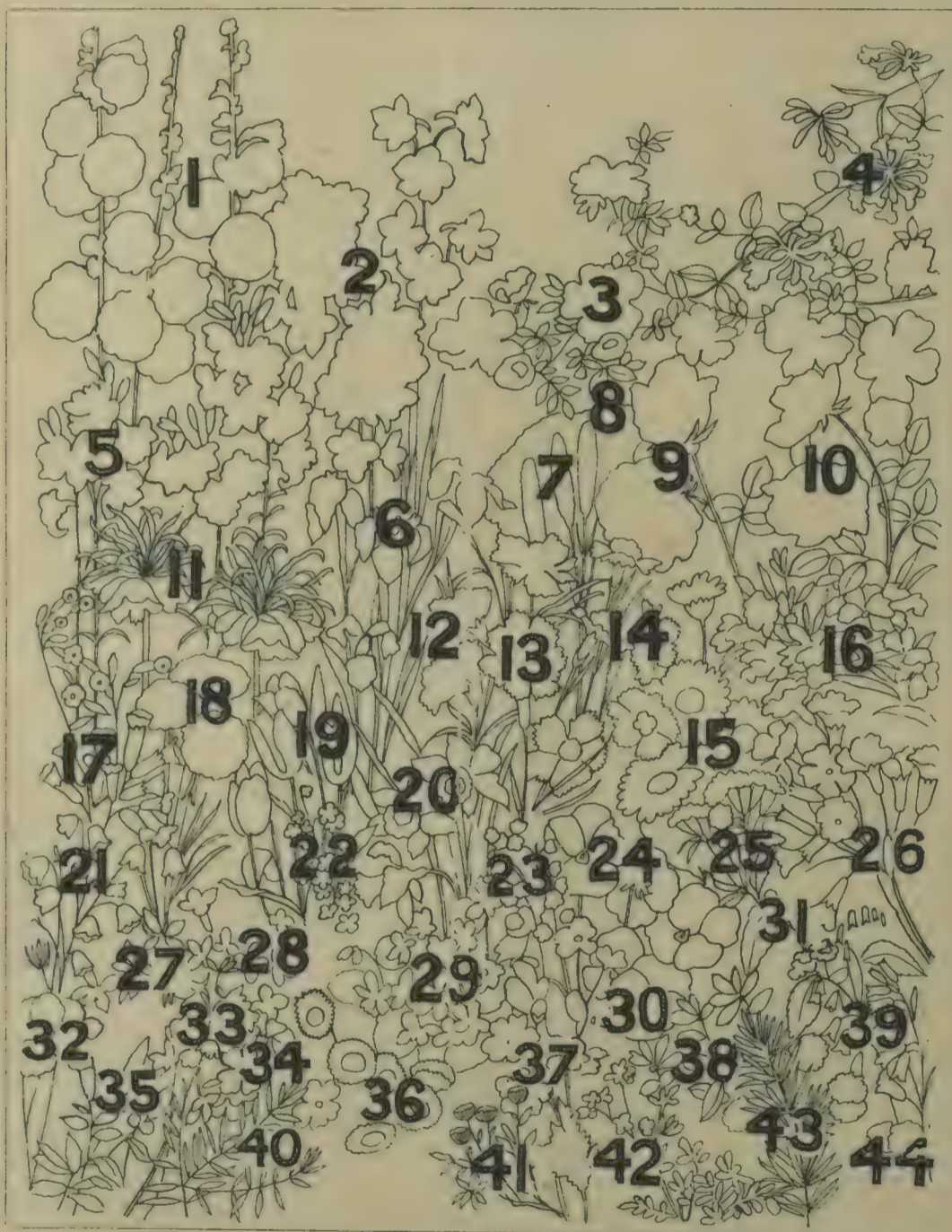
Evidently he had a special love for this flower, and a particular fancy for the beautiful image, under which he originally mentioned it in the "Rape of Lucrece"—

Her eyes like marybuds had
sheathed their light,
And canopied in darkness
sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn
the day.

The well-known, yet ever enchanting, description that follows of the "flowers o' the spring"—"daffodils," "violets dim," "pale primroses," "bold oxslips," "the crown imperial," "lilies of all kinds, the fleur-de-luce being one"—need not be cited here. The oxlip was famous for "his boldness of size"; whilst "the crown imperial for his stately beauty," says Parkinson, "deserves the first place in our Garden of Delight." By "fleur-de-luce" Shakespeare must certainly here have meant the iris; though

the name was also sometimes given to the white or "Madonna" lily. He doubtless had both in his garden.

By the aid, then, of Shakespeare's very own words, and with that of the accompanying clever coloured drawing also, we can form as good an idea of what furnished his "long borders" and his "curious knotted garden," as though we had peeped in upon him from Chapel Lane, in the spring and summer of the year 1610, when he was writing "A Winter's Tale," and had seen him at work with his daughter Susannah, and with his little granddaughter, Elizabeth, perhaps, playing by.



SHAKESPEARE'S FLOWERS: A KEY TO THE COLOURED DRAWING OPPOSITE.

- | | | | | |
|--|-----------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Hollyhocks. | 8. Gilded Box (Golden Box). | 17. Cowslip. | 27. Wood Violet. | 36. Daisies. |
| 2. Larkspur (Delphiniums or Larkshells). | 9. Blood Red Rose. | 18. Thrift. | 28. Lady's Smocks. | 37. Crowflowers (Buttercup). |
| 3. Eglantine (Sweet Briar). | 10. Milk White Rose. | 19. Tulips. | 29. Violets. | 38. Dwarf Box. |
| 4. Woodbine (Honeysuckle). | 11. Crown Imperial. | 20. Daffodils. | 30. Pansies. | 39. Harebell (Wild Hyacinth). |
| 5. Madonna Lilies. | 12. White Pinks. | 21. Harebell. | 31. Nettle. | 40. Savory. (cinth). |
| 6. Fleur de Luce. | 13. Carnation. | 22. Forget-me-not. | 32. Marjoram. | 41. Lavender Cotton. |
| 7. Lavender. | 14. Maiden Pinks. | 23. Lily-of-the-Valley. | 33. Long Purple (Orchis Mascular). | 42. Rue. |
| | 15. Marigold (Marybuds). | 24. Violas. | 34. Primrose. | 43. Rosemary. |
| | 16. Wallflower. | 25. Sweet William. | 35. Mint. | 44. Wild Thyme. |
| | | 26. Oxlip. | | |

varieties known even in those days, mentioning them ever so many times more than any other flower—the very fragrant musk-roses and damask-roses especially. The quotations one might give would fill pages, and each with some captivating metaphor, some apt and loving touch, some exquisitely chosen epithet, which endow each and all of them with a new loveliness. It is, of course, in "Henry VI." and particularly in the brawl scene in the Temple Garden, that such references are most numerous.

But it is chiefly in two of his latest plays that Shakespeare—who at the time he wrote them was



FLOWERS THAT SHAKESPEARE KNEW.

At "New Place," where stood Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon, the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace are laying out the "Great Garden" as an old-fashioned Elizabethan garden, stocked with the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's works, and with other plants and flowers of the Elizabethan period. The appeal of the Trustees for gifts of suitable plants and flowers has had an excellent response. The

King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and the Prince of Wales, for example, have given valuable contributions of old-fashioned roses and other flowers. Our illustration shows forty-four examples of the plants and flowers which, with others, will stock the "Great Garden." It may be pointed out that a key to the flowers shown above is given on the opposite page.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY R. TRANT. —[COPYRIGHT.]



TU, TU, TU, TU, TU! THE REDSHANK'S BREEDING SEASON FLIGHT.

In the breeding season, which begins about now, the redshank has a flight peculiar to it at that time—with wings much depressed—like a duck about to drop on the water. Its breeding cry is Tu, Tu, Tu, Tu, Tu!

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK SOUTHGATE, R.B.A.—[COPYRIGHT.]

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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE finest Othello on record is unostentatiously, at Wednesday matinées only, drawing great crowds to the New Theatre. It is to be hoped that the American invasion for the season will not forget Mr. Matheson Lang's Moor, for here is a creation which sheds lustre on the poet's work and its understanding by his kinsmen.

In the past we have seen the Moor in many shades, but there is no camouflage in Lang's appearance. He is as black as dead of night, and his white garments intensify his ominous features. If I read his conception correctly, two great notes predominate in it: dignity and jealousy. But dignity is the greater of the twain; it never forsakes him, even when, bereft of his

dangerous axiom, I know; there are moments, however, when it becomes literally true in artistic impression.

And thus, anon, in violent contrast, but gently introduced, comes Othello's heartrending rue, his self-imposed requital. Then again, as in the love-scenes, we hear the note of tenderness, and mingled with it the bitter cry of despair. One feels almost inclined to symbolise the "had I but known": this Moor, when his beloved breathes her last, recognises what he had, what he has lost; his life is void without her: what futility this world is with its falseness for the sake of paltry causes! I do not know whether the other playgoers felt like this when they beheld this rare creation. I forgot the plot and the play over the man, for the man meant to me a fragment of life—not of old Venice only, but of all times. I felt the struggle of nature against outward circumstances, and the superior power of the latter. Othello, thus I read Lang, was a real man with a childlike character, a man destined to go far in rectitude and valour. He might have been the ideal husband and father; ambition and love were, according to his lights, the proudest possessions of life. But he forgot his descent, and when jealousy, the dangerous lackey of love, began to course through his veins, his blood became vitiated; the nature of the beast came out free from restraint and culture. Othello, and particularly the Othello of Matheson Lang, is a powerful illustration of the duality of our mind. You may chase away Nature, as the French say, but she rushes back in a gallop. We are not masters of our fate; there is in all of us a signpost that points to salvation or perdition, and not to swerve to the left is the privilege of the elect.

With his Othello, Matheson Lang, whose Shylock is unforgotten, has consolidated his place in the first line of our Shakespearean players; indeed, no Shakespearean portrayal of latter days by an English actor has left so deep an impression of understanding and originality.

Miss Lena Ashwell, that gifted woman who is doing such excellent work in the lesser neighbourhoods of London in a repertoire of which the centre of the Metropolis might be proud, has bewailed the fact that the cinema is ousting the theatre. It cannot be gainsaid. But what is the reason? For a few shillings a man of the people can get a comfortable seat in a pretty place and a constant and varied appeal to his imagination. If one play is less good than another, the next number may bring change. Then there is always something to learn—industries, travel, inventions; last, but not least, there is the daily gazette of current events which takes the part of a living newspaper. In the theatre, if the play does not happen to interest, there is no appeal. The evening is wasted.

If we compare the plays that are running in London theatres and the plays produced at cinemas, it is difficult to say where the average playgoer gets better value for his money. I have very rarely gone to a cinema without some sort of satisfaction. How often do we go home from the theatre enriched in mind? How many plays of a year's campaign linger in memory? How many feats of acting in the Metropolis are greater in the aggregate than what the totality of the cinema shows pictorially? The trouble is that our film plays, for reasons of production and experience of actors, are generally less interesting than those which come from America, and it is a fact that so far some of our best actors have not been as effective on the film as one might have expected of them. The reason is partly economic, partly artistic. The Americans are not adverse to spending fortunes on one film, and our producing companies are more parsimonious. There is too much impression of fake, too little verisimilitude. For all that, many a time a film play is more fascinating than a play produced by provincial companies, mainly for the reason that we see and do not hear. But the main point is that the cinema by kaleidoscopic programme attracts the man in the street who has no particular plans, and that the theatre, as regards its cheaper seats, exacts from the playgoer that he should make up his mind beforehand, to say nothing of the vigil at pit and gallery doors and the lesser comforts in these parts of the house.



DANCING AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. KOUSNIETZOVA, IN HER "DANSE ESPAGNOLE."

Mme. Kousnietzova, the well-known Russian dancer, who has just joined the Grand Opera Company at Covent Garden, was recently in Paris, where she gave her "Danse Espagnole."

Photograph by Delphi.

senses, he stifles the life-flame in Desdemona's frail body.

At first in his appearance before the Doge he is all restraint; he speaks of deeds of prowess without bluster or loudness. He speaks with the calm decision of a strategist. He knows his own mind, and with becoming deference speaks it solemnly and convincingly. He warms when Desdemona appears, and with her he is so gentle, so loving, so submissively tender, as if he would express not only the devotion of a lover, but the protective spirit of a paternal friend. He is so tall and powerful; she is so girlish and clinging. He damps his ardour lest his fervour might hurt his delicate charge. No Westerner could have been more delicate in wooing than this son of a sultry clime. Did we not know the gamut of Matheson Lang, we should wonder whether in the tragic scenes his seeming passiveness would grow to white heat. But wait. No sooner has Iago squirted the first drops of poison than another man arises within Othello. At first a waverer: he would not, could not, believe her treachery. Then a diplomatist, seething within, yet restraining his anger. At length, when, under Iago's insinuations, doubt becomes certainty, the power in the man waxes to ungovernable fury; there is still dignity, but his wrath tears his soul, strains his muscles, fells him to earth like a pole-axed animal. I cannot help thinking of the wounded bulls at St. Sebastian in their awful agony.

When Othello, seemingly calm but with fell design in his bosom, enters the chamber, we are prepared for a terrible catastrophe. There will be hurricane after a moment's lull. The Moorish blood will boil over in scorching heat; he will immolate Desdemona in the paroxysms of unconscious ecstasy. He seems to see in her death an *auto da fé*. In that scene Matheson Lang is so real, there is such an absence of theatrical effort, that, although we shudder in awe, we do not avert our faces in repulsion. Victor Hugo was right when he said: "*Le laid, c'est le beau.*" It is a



DANCING AT DRURY LANE: Mlle. HILDA BUTSOVA, IN "VOICES OF THE SPRING."

Mlle. Butsova, one of Mme. Pavlova's company at Drury Lane, has appeared in "Voices of the Spring," to Strauss music; also in "Snow-flakes" and "Flora's Awakening."

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.



"THE LITTLE WHOPPER." AT THE SHAFTESBURY: (L. TO R.) MISS JOAN CLARKSON AS JANET GREGOR, MR. POPE STAMPER AS JACK HARDING, MISS LILY ST. JOHN AS KITTY WENTWORTH, MR. ERIC LEWIS AS SIR WILLOUGHBY GREGOR, AND MISS LENA HALLIDAY AS LADY GREGOR.

"The Little Whopper" is a bright musical comedy in which complications ensue from the heroine, Kitty, telling a "white" lie in order to meet and marry her lover, George. The tangled web of "whoppers" leads to her having to pose as the wife of another—Jack Harding.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THAT we ought to go back to the clear, cool, commonsense of the pre-Romantic age of poetry seems to be the literary moral of "WITH THE WITS" (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company; 10s. 6d. net), by Paul Elmer More, who was the editor and is still, I hope, the essayist of the *American Nation*, a very different kind of periodical from that which is published under the same title in this country. Mr. More takes as his motto a sentence by the author of "Erewhon": "There is nothing that provokes and sharpens wit like malice," and he certainly lives up to it in his comments on the social, political, and literary tendencies of to-day. His bitter-sweet reasonableness, like the mordant satire of Mr. Lytton Strachey's lives of certain established Victorian worthies, is a sign that the era of romantic adulation is coming to an end. He thinks, as I do, that the literary atmosphere would be wonderfully cleared by the appearance of a second Pope and a new "Dunciad." My candid opinion is that an even more ruthless satirist—an English Juvenal, in fact—is necessary to dispose of the cant and humbug (and worse) that are to be found in high places in this period of rotten-ripe sentimentality. But what havoc even a poet with merely Pope's gift for the satirical straight left and the ironical upper-cut would work among the little coteries of freak poets, imagists, symbolists, *vers-libristes*, or whatever else they call themselves! Pope knew these poetasters, and touched on their besetting sin of self-admiration when he wrote his "Imitation of Horace"—

In vain bad rhymers all mankind
reject,
They treat themselves with most
profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold
your tongue,
Each, praised within, is happy all
day long.

A little malice, after all, is the only medicine for the irritating complaisance of these ridiculous pretenders, who will be treated by the critics of fifty years hence with the good-humoured contempt which is the only tribute of attention now paid to Bailey's "Festus" (wherein, however, a few purple patches are to be found) and the mild and pompous platitudes of Martin Tupper. It is a sad pity that Mr. Ian Colvin is too deeply involved in journalism to undertake the task of constructing a literary pillory for all those who champion license as the liberty of prophesying. He is a true master of the closed heroic couplet, by far the best weapon for such a purpose, and it is surprising what a force of *sava indignatio* he can get into two lines of plain, downright English. His brief condemnation of the sensational journalism which made a profit out of the disasters of the Mons Retreat—

They coin the tears of women
To coppers in the street;

and his grim little picture of the ex-Kaiser at Amerongen—

I would cut down men, if I could;
As I cannot, I cut down wood;

and his memorable single-line epitaph for Lord Kitchener—

In life no rest, in death no grave,

deepened the impression of his competence for a salutary piece of work which his political fables in verse, a fierce joy of pre-war days, had created even in the minds of the victims of his satire—"blood and irony," it was called by a famous politician, who cherished his wounds, so to speak.

The modern satirist that should come would not confine his attack to the literary Bolsheviks. Suppose

(suggests Mr. More) that a convocation had met in Pope's day to settle the affairs of the whole wide world, and to establish peace and good will among men; suppose, then, that Pope should have read in a most respectable periodical such a comment as this on the secret proceedings of the guiding committee: "The task of these men is made easier for them by the fact that the world gives them a blank cheque for expenses. No errors they can make, so far as we can imagine, can conceivably compare with the tragic errors of statesmanship before the war." The suspicion at once arises that the "paper-saving" poet would have used the back of the blank cheque for other purposes than endorsement. He might have found it a convenient place for asking, not in blank verse, whether the very beginning of the reconstruction era was a particularly happy moment for abjuring reason and common-sense and

who, under pretence of working for a "dictatorship of the proletariat," are really plotting to gain for themselves the power and prestige of a governing class.

Mr. More's method of satire is to write an appreciation—or rather, interpretation—of some seventeenth or eighteenth century worthy, and to contrast his sanity with the sentimentality of the modern disciples of Rousseau, that expert in public virtues and private vices. Perhaps his essay on George Savile, first Marquess of Halifax, is the most effective of these subtle attacks. The text of much of the ripe reasoning of Halifax, who lived in a disturbed age when (as is the case to-day) the deeper sources of human conduct were disclosed, was Bacon's "*Invidia festos dies non agit*" (thus expanded in one of Halifax's aphorisms: "Malice may be sometimes out of breath, envy never. A man may make peace with hatred, but never with envy"). No statesman ever had a clearer insight into the psychology of the herd, and the way in which the self-seeking politician makes its violent weaknesses serve his own purpose. Neither the Boche nor the Bolshevik, though cloaking their envious egotism under a show of patriotism or internationalism, could ever have deceived this keen-eyed observer for a moment. It is necessary at the present moment that we should recognise, at any risk of being arraigned as cynics or men who despair of human nature, that there is a most dangerous taint of envious egotism in every form of the democratic view of society. A characteristic symptom of this disease is a kind of *malaise* at distinction wherever seen and however shown. It is the bitter truth that the only safeguard against popular anarchy, in these times as in those of Halifax, is just the recognition of the egotism that affects the motives both of individuals and of classes (yes, and of nations!), with its uneasy flattery of self, and its readiness to burn up into a devastating flame of jealousy of all who speak without fear or favour from the superior ground of knowledge.

To become a social force, however, satire must have the concentration of verse—preferably the metre of Hudibras or the closed heroic couplet, according as you are using a bludgeon or a rapier of rhetoric. In "THE ELFIN ARTIST, AND OTHER POEMS" (Blackwood; 7s. 6d. net), by Alfred Noyes, there are one or two attempts at satire which fail of effect because the poet—surely the most facile and diffuse of our modern minors—has not distilled his malice in some quintessential form. It is useless hitting at "certain of the Bolshevik idealists" with a sonnet. You might as well oppose edged weapons with a bolster. And when the satirist says of the new or Bolshevik Muse—

There came a formless thing, with breasts dyed scarlet;
The roses in her hair were green and blue,

he is using a poetical method which is quite ineffectual and allows them to escape uncrushed. It would be better for himself and for us, who admire his raking broadsides of patriotic verse and rollicking ballads of open-air life by sea and by land, if he avoided these futile reprisals and stuck to his own manly-adventurous Muse. It is safer to let the young experimentalists alone—if only because there may be among them a new Keats or a second Shelley. Keats and Shelley were rank revolutionaries in their day, and no critic or minor poet of pre-Victorian tastes had the remotest idea what or why they were.



A BLAKE ILLUSTRATION TO DANTE: "THE ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN" ("PURGATORIO," CANTO IV.), ONE OF 102 WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS MADE BY WILLIAM BLAKE FOR THE "DIVINA COMMEDIA."

Blake's illustrations to Dante were bought in 1918 for various British galleries for £9022, with the aid of the National Art-Collections Fund. The set of 102 water-colours were done between 1824 and Blake's death in 1827, for John Linnell, the painter. "Few were completely finished, and only seven engraved, but the series is one of the biggest undertaken by Blake, and the last legacy of his imagination."

By Courtesy of the National Art-Collections Fund.

critical control, because, in the near past, the very same failure to take due precautions had brought about a cosmical catastrophe. After all, the eighteenth-century wits were not favourably impressed with the political egotist. As, indeed, the following lines certify—

Behold the statesman, of mankind the friend,
Who claims your vote that wars may have an end;
Lets loose the passions and unchains the storm,
While crying still the blessings of reform.
Peace on his lips and faction in his heart,
Though Europe totter, he will play his part.
He bears no brother near him on the throne,
Who would be saviour of mankind alone.

And the eighteenth-century mind would take a malicious joy, moreover, in vivisectioning the well-to-do intellectuals

IN TRUNCATED TURKEY: THE ABASEMENT OF THE SUBLIME PORTE.



IN THE SERAGLIO, WHOSE CHIEF GATE (THE SUBLIME PORTE) GAVE ITS NAME TO THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT:
THE GOLDEN HORN AND GALATA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SEEN FROM THE KIOSK OF BAGHDAD.

Constantinople is of particular interest just now, since the presentation of the Allies' Treaty terms to Turkey, which has been given a month for discussion before signing. The Sultan is to be allowed to maintain sovereignty at Constantinople, under limited conditions, but the extent of territory left to Turkey in Europe has been severely restricted. The frontier practically corresponds to the Chatalja Lines, except where it runs north west to include Derkos, the source of Constantinople's water-supply. Thus Turkey-in-Europe is

reduced to quite a small district—Constantinople and its neighbourhood—not much larger in extent than Greater London. The Old Seraglio occupies the whole south-eastern corner of the city. It was formerly the Sultan's private domain, and the name of its chief gate, the Sublime Porté (Babi Humayun), has come to be used as a synonym for the Turkish Government. The gate, which was burnt down in 1863, was one of several in the wall dividing the Seraglio from the rest of the city.

TO BE STILL TURKISH. BUT UNDER ALLIED CONTROL: CONSTANTINOPLE.



FORMERLY THE PRIVATE DOMAIN OF THE SULTAN: THE OLD SERAGLIO—ONE OF ITS THREE SPACIOUS COURTS.



IN THE OLD SERAGLIO, AT THE SOUTH EASTERN END OF CONSTANTINOPLE: THE KIOSK OF THE PROPHET'S MANTLE.



IN THE GREAT CHRISTIAN CHURCH CONVERTED BY THE TURKS INTO A MOSQUE: THE FOUNTAIN OF ABLUTIONS, ST. SOPHIA.



TURKISH SOVEREIGNTY TO BE MAINTAINED AT CONSTANTINOPLE: THE ENTRANCE TO THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

Under the Turkish Treaty, as mentioned already on the previous page, Constantinople and a small area bounded practically by the neighbouring Chatalja Lines will form the whole extent of Turkey in Europe. The territory beyond will belong to Greece. Within this very limited European Turkey are situated, of course, the great church of St. Sophia, built in the sixth century and converted into a mosque after the capture of Constantinople

by the Turks in 1453; and the Old Seraglio, the city's principal relic of Mohammedan antiquity. The Seraglio has three spacious courts, around which are grouped the ancient buildings, including the church of St. Irene, and the old treasury, with its valuable collection of vestments and arms. The official summary of the Draft Treaty, which was handed to the Ottoman Delegates in Paris on May 11, contains the following

(Continued opposite.)

TO BE RETAINED BY TURKEY: THE GEM OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



AT THE HOUR OF PRAYER DURING THE MOSLEM SACRED MONTH OF RAMADAN: THE INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA—
IN THE BACKGROUND, THE MIHRAB; ON THE LEFT, THE SULTAN'S TRIBUNE.

Continued

passages, which are of interest in connection with our illustrations: "The frontier of Turkey in Europe is approximately that of the Chatalja Lines, the northern half of these lines being, however, advanced in a north-westerly direction so as to include within the boundaries of Turkey the whole area of Lake Derkos, which is a reservoir for the supply of water to Constantinople. . . . Subject to the provisions of the Treaty, the parties

agree to the maintenance of Turkish sovereignty over Constantinople, but a reservation is made that, if Turkey fails to observe the provisions of the Treaty, or of supplementary Treaties or Conventions, particularly as regards the protection of minorities, the Allied Powers may modify the above provisions, and Turkey agrees to accept any dispositions which may be made in this connection."

JETTISONED: THE NAVY'S DISPOSAL OF USELESS WAR MATERIAL.

DRAWN BY CECIL KING.



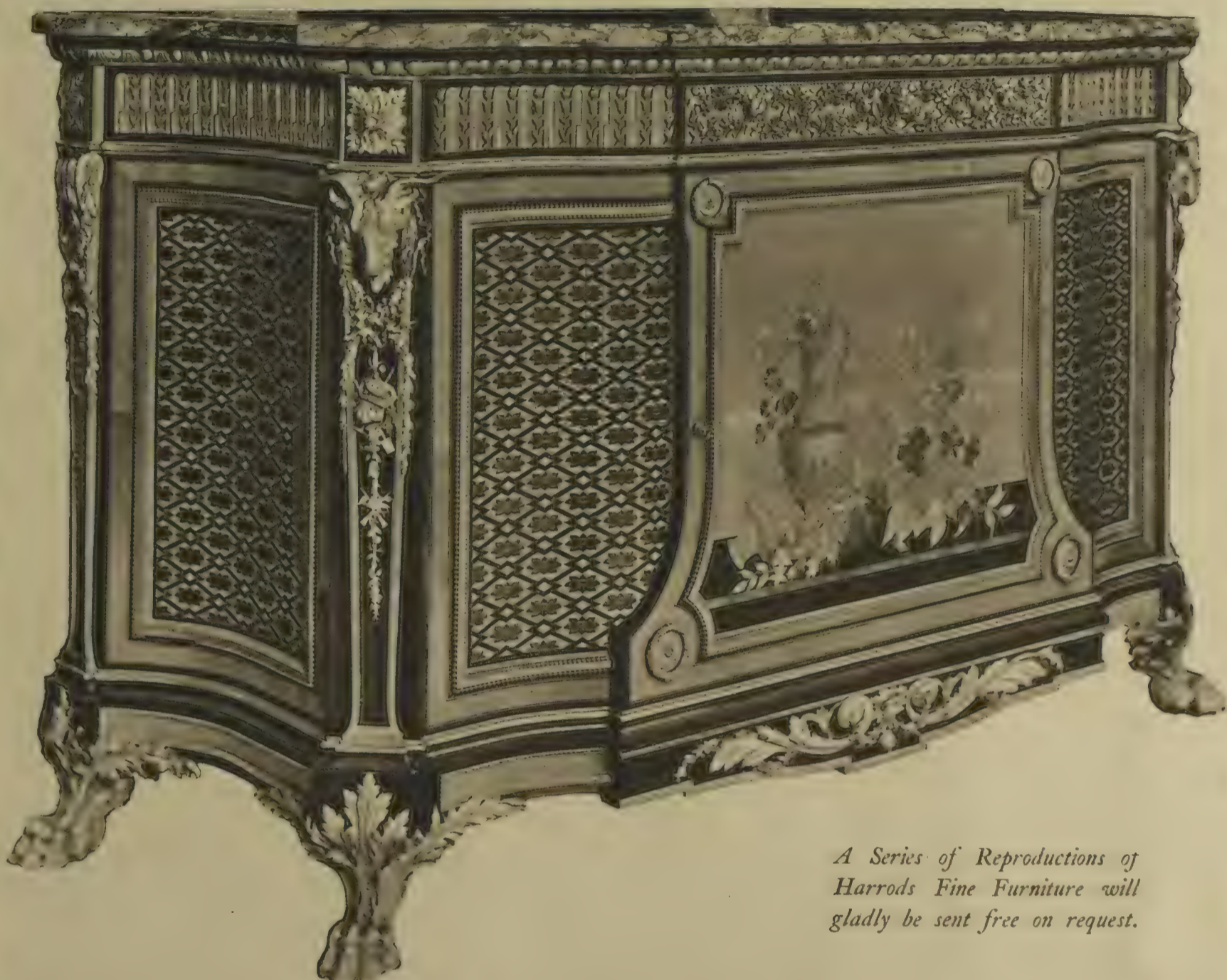
"LIKE A HUGE RUSTY SNAKE": OLD AND USELESS ANTI-SUBMARINE HARBOUR DEFENCE NETS BEING DROPPED OVERBOARD INTO DEEP WATER FROM A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.

One way adopted by the Navy for getting rid of the old steel nets, which during the war formed a protection to our harbours against German submarine attacks, has been to drop them into deep water, when they are in such a condition that they cannot serve any useful purpose. The nets were stowed on the deck of a big ship and taken out to sea. When it had gone some distance from land, the engines were stopped and the net was

coaxed over the side with the aid of the main derrick. After a certain proportion of the net was overboard, its own weight took the rest over like a huge rusty snake. It was necessary to drop the nets into deep water to avoid the danger of fouling any trawler's fishing nets. The illustration, showing the work in progress, indicates the great size of the nets.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

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Louis Quinze Commode

A reproduction of a Louis Quinze Commode is illustrated on the right. Though small, it is a very handsome piece, soundly constructed of tulip wood, with gilt ormolu mounts, and is exquisitely inlaid with rosewood, hawthorn and limewood.

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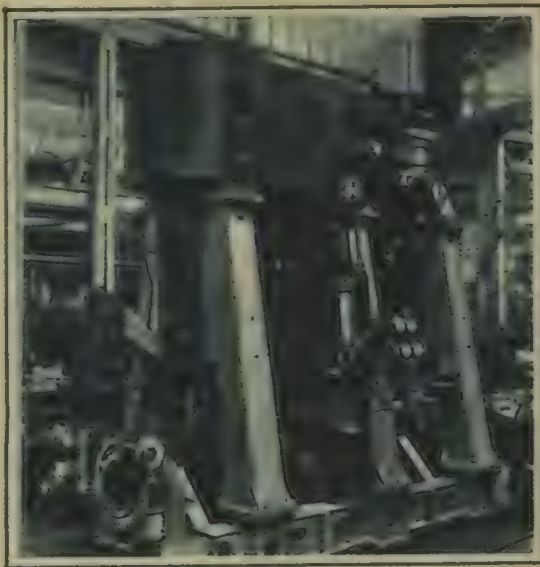
LONDON S W 1

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MALARIA, MOSQUITOS, AND THE JEWS.

MALARIA, which has for long made certain parts of the earth "the White Man's grave," and from which only negroes were thought to be exempt, was within living memory discovered by Sir Ronald Ross and others to be due, not to any climatic influence, but to the bite of a certain mosquito called *Anopheles*. Yet this, like all scientific theories, met with disbelief, and even now is not universally accepted. The freeing of the Roman Campagna by the caging in of the cottages in wire gauze went far to convince its earlier opponents, and the measures taken by the Americans to make work on the Panama Canal possible went still further. If any are still incredulous, let them see the report of Colonel E. P. Sewell and Major A. S. M. Macgregor on the health of our Army in Palestine, which is published in a recent number of the R.A.M.C.'s *Journal*.

The authors tell us that the 21st Army Corps, consisting of some 70,000 men, lay in a certain part of Palestine from November 1917 to October 1918, when General Allenby made his great advance. As this country was especially marshy, it formed exactly the breeding-ground that the *Anopheles* loves, and directly they got there the British forces began to lose some 30 men per week. Armies have before now been broken up by lesser plagues, and as soon as the medical men attached to the Expedition had completed their investigations, it became clear that the bites of insects were the cause. They accordingly got to work on removing them, and practically the whole force was employed in draining the marshes, clearing away the brush-wood on the banks of the streams, and removing all obstacles to the water running freely. Besides this, all stagnant pools and ponds were paraffined, and one tunnel which was found to be the especial sleeping-place of the hibernating mosquito was disinfected by chlorine gas. To do all this cost £40,000, which as Colonel Sewell and Major Macgregor observe, was cheap when we consider the number of lives which it saved; but no one who knows the ways of the British Treasury will be surprised to hear that the official sanction



FOR THE "ARGONNE": VERTICAL, INVERTED, TRIPLE-EXPANSION CONDENSING ENGINES, OF 1200 HORSE-POWER.

came rather late, and that the mosquitos were therefore not properly got under until 1918. Altogether, the Army lost from malaria in 1918 up to Sept. 19, when it moved off, some 10 per cent. of its strength. Nearly the whole of these losses were caused, as far as can be

seen, not by the hatching out of the eggs and larvæ found in wells and pools—they being all destroyed by the paraffin—but by the awaking of the full-grown insect from its winter sleep before the cleansing of the streams could be effected. The cost works out to about 12s. per man saved from the scourge, and, as the authors point out, the cost of quinine alone would have amounted to at least 8s. more.

The moral of all this is perfectly plain. The *Anopheles* must be rooted out wherever he shows himself by the same methods which proved themselves effective in Palestine as they had done before in Italy and Panama. All pools and stagnant water must be covered with paraffin during the insect's breeding-season, and, if necessary, the adult creature must be kept out of tents and dwelling-places by gauze, either textile or wire. It will, of course, be said that this does not affect us here, as in our more favoured climate the *Anopheles* does not show himself. But of this one cannot be quite sure. Mosquitos of a less poisonous kind are common enough in certain parts of the British Isles, and where tropical species find a lodgment they are singularly loth to vacate it. It is an old story that a particular London hotel has never been able to get rid of the Indian mosquitos imported in some traveller's luggage; and Professor Lefroy warned his hearers, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution that the danger of such importations is at least doubled by the coming of aeroplanes and steam-ships from the East. If precautionary measures are not taken, we may wake up some morning to find malaria in our midst.

Another point to which it is worth while to draw attention is the danger of handing over the government of Palestine to the Jews, as seems now likely to be proposed, without enforcing sanitary measures. If not, the Holy Land may easily become a plague-spot from which the whole of the Near East can be infected, and from which malaria and other contagious diseases may spread Westwards as they did in the Middle Ages. For our own protection, then, the keeping down of the mosquito must be made certain before the control of Palestine passes out of the hands of our Army authorities. Let the consuls look to it.

F. L.



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LADIES' NEWS.

THE fact that Lady Cynthia Mosley's wedding is still a favourite topic of conversation shows that among smart events of the kind it made its mark. Even more than the presence of two Kings and two Queens is the great beauty of the bride commented on. She is very like her lovely mother, and she bore herself so simply, gracefully, and naturally that she added other charms to those of beauty. The flowers, too, have kept their place in the mind's eye of even those who might be said to be connoisseurs of floral decorations, so beautiful were they, and so cleverly were they grouped to ensure the most delightful effects. It will be no surprise to those "in the know" to learn that in the church, in the house for the reception, and also for the bouquets, it was Edward Goodyear, whose establishments at the Bond Street and Albemarle Street ends of the Royal Arcade are such a joy to passers-by, who was responsible. The flowers used were arum lilies, white lilac, white hydrangea, and several kinds of graceful greenery. The way they were used was, however, what caused remark; it was graceful, light, natural, and the *ensemble* was a delight to the eye. Mr. and Lady Cynthia Mosley have gone to Genoa, and on their return from Italy will be in town for a time, and then will reside at the pretty place near Harrow which Mr. Mosley has recently purchased. He is a brilliantly clever young man, and handsome too. Lady Cynthia takes high rank among the beautiful young women of the day, and is charming withal. They should go far, and one hopes that they will go just as far as happiness leads them.

There was a sale last week on behalf of the Newport Market Training School for the Army, which turns small boys into first-rate soldiers. It took place at 46, Grosvenor Square, and it is a pity that more experts in fine old furniture did not avail themselves of it. It was a collection made for the purpose by Lady Wilson, wife of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, who has a *flair* for the genuine and the beautiful in the antique. The Countess of Bective, Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, and many others were helping. There were Aubusson carpets, tapestry, remarkably fine Chippendale and other fine chairs, and all sorts of small antique things as well. Also there were knitted things, jumpers, scarves, ties, and even hats, made by ladies to eke out tiny incomes, which go almost to vanishing-point in view of present prices. These are always on sale at 63, Elizabeth Street, S.W. The hats are particularly attractive, light and becoming.



A CHARMING BLOUSE.

White voile is the material used. The blouse is hand-embroidered, and can be obtained from Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road.

The days for daintiest dressing are now upon us. Happily the freshest, prettiest, and neatest of blouses and shirts are placed well within our means at the well-known house of James Shoolbred and Co., Tottenham Court Road. In proof whereof, let me say that the illustration we give is of a white voile shirt, beautifully hand-

embroidered, and the price is 39s. 6d. It is but one example of many equally charming, and varying in price from 12s. 9d. to 6 gns. In each case quite extraordinarily good value for the money is offered. This week exceptionally good opportunities began to be afforded for acquiring, considerably below the prevailing prices, tea-gowns, boudoir gowns, rest gowns, jumpers, and other such things as this time of year specially demands. As one example, there is a boudoir gown called "Editha," in accordion-pleated voile trimmed with *écru* lace and coloured velvet ribbons. It is in black, beige, grey, sky-blue, pink, or heliotrope, and the price is 69s. 6d. A pretty jumper of striped sponge-cloth, pink, blue or mauve, made in Shoolbred's own workrooms, is sold for 33s. 9d.; made specially to measure or order, 5s. or 2s. 6d. extra. A very dainty and comfortable morning wrapper in a soft silk and wool mixture, the ground being ivory, with black stripes and a floral design of blue or mauve, is sold for 42s. There are fichu and cuffs edged with cream-coloured lace, and a girdle of black velvet ribbon. Shoolbred's booklet, "Fashions for Spring and Summer," points out very many other excellent investments.

The Court Memorial Service for the late Crown Princess of Sweden was very beautiful. It took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, and was attended only by the King and Queen, Prince Albert, Princess Mary, the Duke of Connaught, Lady Patricia Ramsay, Princess Arthur of Connaught, and every other member of the Royal Family in London with the exception of Queen Alexandra, who was still suffering from a cold and bronchial trouble. In no other place is a service invested so thoroughly with the grandeur of perfect simplicity and simple perfection as in this little Royal Chapel. The touching reading of the prayers by the Sub-Dean, especially of one about the dead Princess, proved that the human speaking voice, naturally sympathetic, used with perfect diction and great feeling, is as powerful an instrument to play upon human emotion as any that we know of. The Archbishop's address was just right, and the music throughout was of great beauty. The ladies of the royal party wore black tulle veils; the Continental custom of wearing them of *crêpe* to the ground was not followed. The Queen and some of the Princesses wore Marie-Stuart-shaped toques, and on her Majesty's black dress gleamed two chains of fine pearls. The suites and households of the royal personages present were well represented; and of the diplomats, only two were present—the Spanish Ambassador, representing the dead Princess's Spanish royal relatives, and the Swedish Minister those of Sweden.

(Continued overleaf.)

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AERTEX

Cellular Clothing.

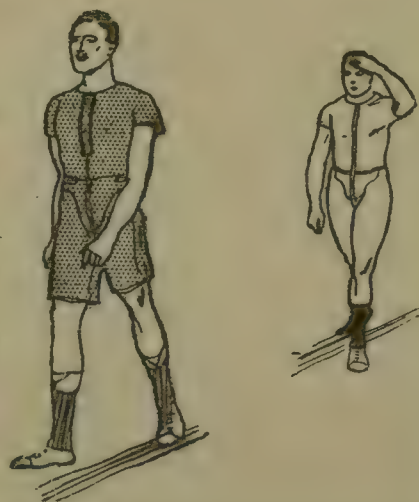
THE fickle English Summer—with its sudden rises and falls of temperature—is not the harmless season of delight that poets love to praise. It carries its health menaces, like any other season. That is why wise people wear AERTEX, and see that their children wear it too. AERTEX is the only underwear which keeps you cool in summer and warm in winter. It keeps the body always at its own natural level of warmth, *whatever* outside conditions may be, because it is specially woven into little cells which form so many reservoirs of non-conductive air—thus preventing you from feeling too hot or too cold.

AERTEX garments are cut and fashioned on tailor-made principles, are strong and durable, and most easily washed.



ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

of full range of AERTEX Cellular Goods for men, women, and children, with list of 1,500 Depots where these goods may be obtained, sent post free on application to The Cellular Clothing Co., Ltd., Fore Street, London, E.C.2.



A selection from list of Depots where AERTEX Cellular Goods may be obtained:

LONDON.—Robert Scott, 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.2
Oliver Bros., Ltd., 417, Oxford St., W.1
ALTRINCHAM.—Taylor & Cross, Stamford New Road
BARNSTAPLE.—Turner & Charlesworth, Cheapside.
BIRMINGHAM.—E. C. Pope, Villa Road, Handsworth.
BLACKPOOL.—W. H. Orry, Church St.
BRIGHTON.—G. Osborne & Co., 50, East St.
BRISTOL.—Marsh & Son, Regent St.
CARDIFF.—David Morgan, Ltd., The Hayes.
CARMARTHEN.—J. Davies & Son.
CHIPPENHAM.—J. Hutchings, Market Pl.
CREWE.—J. R. Kilner, 13, Earle St.
CREWKERNE.—E. Ivens.
DEAL.—Pitcock & Son, High St.
DONCASTER.—Doncaster Clothing Co., Baxter Gate.
DUBLIN.—Kennedy & McSharry, Westmoreland St.
DUNDEE.—A. Caird & Sons, Ltd., Reform St.
EDINBURGH.—Jenner's, Princes St.
GLASGOW.—Paisley, Ltd., 82, Jamaica St.
GRAYSHOTT.—F. Warr & Co.
HARROGATE.—W. G. Allen & Son, Prospect Crescent.

JARROW.—H. Golder & Co., 76, Ormonde St.
KINGSBRIDGE.—J. Tanner, Fore St.
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—P. Harrison, 10, Thames St.
LANDPORT.—Porter Bros., Commercial Rd.
LEEK.—J. Sutton, 15, Stanley St.
LEIGH (Lancs.).—Walter Ince, Bradshawgate.
LIVERPOOL.—Wilkinson Bros., South Rd., Waterloo.
MANCHESTER.—J. Macdonald, 11, Oxford St.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—A. W. Foster, Linthorpe Road.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Emerson Robson.
NEWPORT (MON.).—C. H. Burcham, High St.
NORTHAMPTON.—Brice & Sons, Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM.—A. H. Goodliffe, Ltd., 26, Clumber St.
OLDHAM.—Buckley & Procter, Ltd.
OXFORD.—Arthur Shepherd, 7, Cornmarket.
PONTYPRIDD.—Gwilym Evans, 6, Taft St.
SHEFFIELD.—Colver & Co., Market Place.
SOUTH BARK.—W. Cooper, Nelson St.
SWANSEA.—G. J. Chilcott, Ltd.
SWANSEA.—Ben Evans & Co., Ltd.
WORTHING.—Smith & Strange, The Corner.
YORK.—Isaac Walton & Co., Ltd.





Castellina Marble Figure with coloured drapery, kneeling on a rock "Listening." Height 20 ins.

EXQUISITE STATUES and BRONZES

*An Unique Collection
at Waring & Gillow's.*

IN our Statuary Department—the finest of its kind in the country—the lover of Objets d'art will find the most delightful things imaginable. Here are English and French Bronzes, Gilt and Ivory Bronzes, in profusion, each one a perfect specimen. Here, too, are Castellina Marble Figures of rare charm—a joy to the beholder. The prices range from 2 guineas to 500 guineas, but it should be distinctly understood that a visit to our Galleries entails no importunity to buy.

*We invite your inspection of
these delightful Objets d'art.*

**WARING &
GILLOW**
*Furnishers & Decorators
to H.M. the King*
LTD

164-180 OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: Museum 5000.



Castellina Marble Figure with coloured drapery, mounted on a marble base. "Perfume." Height 25 ins.

DRAKE & GORHAM LTD.

**WATER SUPPLY
FIRE APPLIANCES**



FIRE ENGINE.

A petrol-driven plant especially designed for use in isolated situations.

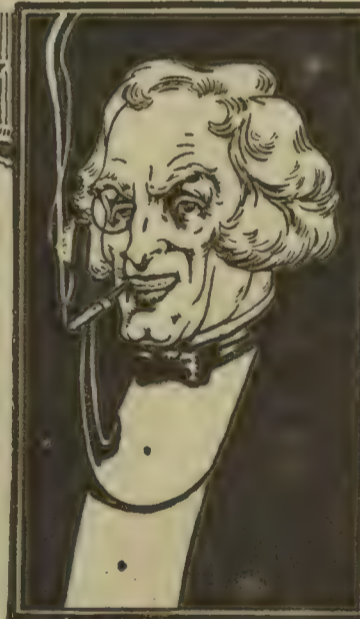
**Reports & Estimates on
complete equipments.**

36M, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W. 1
29, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
50, WELLINGTON STREET, GLASGOW.

Quality Tests

Every test known to the connoisseur proves that Piccadilly Cigarettes are the highest attainment in the art of cigarette making.

Finest Virginia and Eastern Carolina tobaccos, selected leaf by leaf, the purest of best quality paper and highly expert workers, all combine to make Piccadilly Cigarettes distinct and different from ordinary cigarettes.



PICCADILLY
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

25 - 1/11

10 - 10d.
50 - 3/10 100 - 7/8



(Continued.)

Beethoven's "Marche Funèbre," played at the close of the Service, would be poignant to listen to were it not for the subtle strain of triumph and serenity that ever and

is also an Admiral and has seen much service. He is now Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons, and lives in Speaker's Court. He has only two daughters; the elder was married in 1918 to Viscount Masham, the Earl of Romney's only son. The wedding will be of much interest, and there will probably be more than one royal guest.

The new fashions were well displayed at No. 1, Carlton House Terrace after the wedding of last week of Mr. O. E. and Lady Cynthia Mosley, when the Queen's example in putting aside Court mourning for the occasion was generally followed, proving that the Queen had thoughtfully made known her kind idea of in no way clouding so auspicious an event as a wedding. I noticed that over a most slender silhouette presented by a grey dress of satin and chiffon and fringe worn by Lady Massereene and Ferrard, was a rather ballooned-out cloak; the top part was of black satin, and then came three rather pulled-on flounces of transparent black Chantilly lace. A large black hat was worn finished with black Paradise plumes. There were many dresses having square, cape-like collars to the waist at the back, of thin fabric. Of these, the Countess of Dudley's very soft grey-satin dress was a good example. Very simple, almost severely so, it was graceful, and the square cape was of gauze. The hat worn was of velvet, the same shade of grey, lightly sewn with silver all over. It was quite soft, untrimmed, and what, if worn by a man, would be called a slouch shape. On Lady Dudley it looked all that there is of the smartest. Our own Queen, with her pale-blue and silver shot-taffeta dress, wore a silver-tissue toque and two rows of big, beautiful pearls. We know that we must never look to the Queen for extremes of fashion. Her Majesty's style is individual, and makes it always true that "the Queen can do no wrong." Queen Elizabeth of Belgium was an example of the picturesque in dress. Her draped robe of grey and gold-and-silver tissue was seen but little under a long cloak of soft carnation-pink velvet with a blue-fox collar. A small toque of lacquered and gold-and-silver tissue was worn with a small veil of gold net falling behind.

The King and Queen intend to use the R.Y. *Victoria and Albert* this year considerably, joining her for Cowes Week and probably using her for the journey to Scotland in July. The King loves the sea and benefits from sea-breezes as a sailor King should do. The Queen is not a very good sailor, but after some preliminary discomfort

quite enjoys a voyage. The *Victoria and Albert* affords luxurious and spacious accommodation and is a steady boat. It is a long time since their Majesties have used her, and it is another sign of the pleasant return to normal life that they will again do so.

Here is a good chance to combine charity with warmth! A sable fur coat, valued a few months since at £2000, has been offered to the War Memorial Hostel at St. Leonards-on-Sea, to be sold for the purpose of benefiting the funds of that institution. Messrs. Debenham and



TO MARRY MR. ALFRED LAMBART: ANNE, LADY MEXBOROUGH.

The engagement was announced the other day of Anne, Lady Mexborough to Mr. Alfred Lambart, youngest son of the late Commander Oliver Lambart, R.N., and grandson of the seventh Earl of Cavan. Lady Mexborough's first husband was Mr. George Bainbridge-Ritchie, and in 1916 she married Lord Mexborough, who died six months later.—[Photograph by Lafayette, Ltd.]

anon breaks through its minor key of sadness and solemnity.

Miss Melita Keppel, younger daughter of Sir Colin and Lady Keppel, is to be married to Mr. Maurice Hely-Hutchinson, M.C., on June 7, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Maurice Hely-Hutchinson served in the Irish Guards through the war, and is the third son of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, who was the second son of the fourth Earl of Donoughmore. Sir Colin Keppel, the bride-elect's father, is the son of the late Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, who was so intimate and valued a friend of King Edward VII. and of Queen Alexandra. Sir Colin



A JUNE BRIDE: MISS DOROTHY RAWSON.

Miss Dorothy Rawson is the second daughter of the late Colonel Rawson, and Lady Beatrice Rawson. Her engagement was announced a short time ago, to Sir Victor Warrender, M.C., Grenadier Guards, eighth Baronet, son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender and Lady Maud Warrender. The wedding is fixed for June 1.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., are exhibiting the coat in their fur department, and will be pleased to receive offers for it. A. E. L.

URODONAL

Dissolves Uric Acid.

RHEUMATISM.
GOUT.
GRAVEL.
NEURALGIA.
SCIATICA.
ARTERIO-
SCLEROSIS.
OBESITY.
ACIDITY.

Eliminates Urea.
Stimulates the
Kidney Functions.
Expels Stones.
Prevents Gravel.

Recommended by
Prof. L. Lancereaux,
Late President of
the Academy of
Medicine, Paris,
in his "Treatise
on Gout."

MEDICAL OPINION:

"URODONAL is unrivalled as a preparatory treatment before 'mineral water cures'; for completing the beneficial effect of such a cure; and is even an excellent substitute for such 'cures' when circumstances prevent a gouty subject from availing himself of the advantages of a sojourn in one of the renowned 'spas.'"

"Moreover, a tablespoonful of URODONAL dissolved in a quart of plain, mineral or table water, yields an excellent beverage, which may be taken alone or diluted with wine, beer, or cider. There is not the least danger of intolerance, overtaxing the system or nausea, even after prolonged and almost continuous use of URODONAL."—Dr. MOREL, Paris Medical Faculty, Late Physician to the Military, Naval and Colonial Hospitals.

A course of URODONAL should be taken every month, viz.: one teaspoonful dissolved in half a tumbler of water thrice daily between meals.

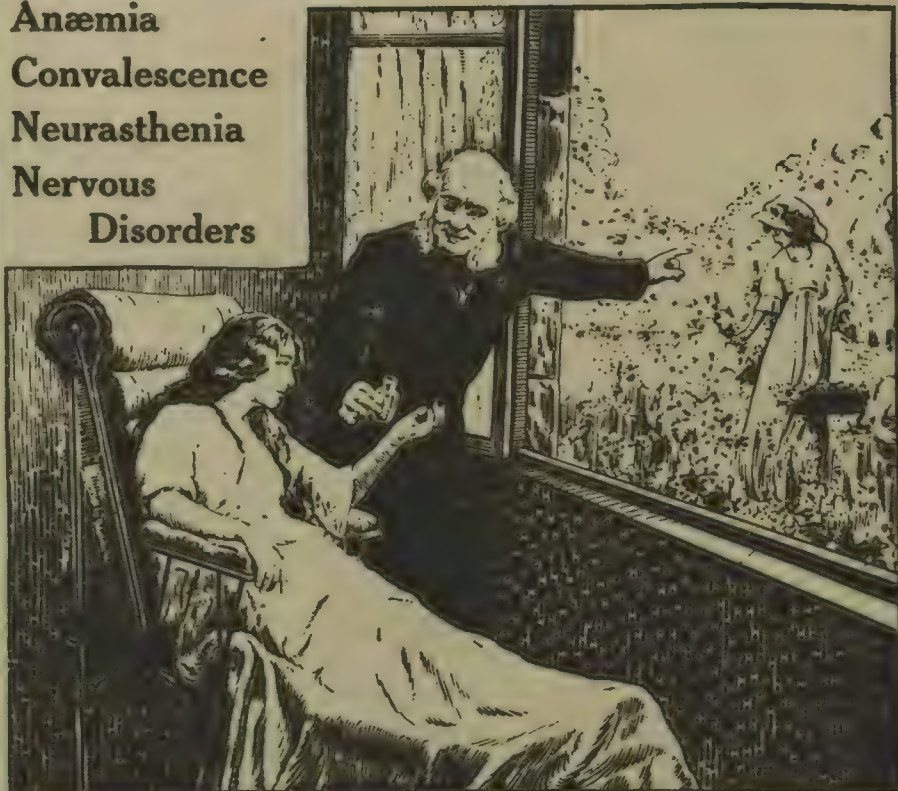
Chronic sufferers from uric acid complaints should also take URODONAL as a table water, by dissolving one tablespoonful in a quart of water, and drinking the solution either pure or diluted with wine, cider, whiskey, etc. This retards the recurrence of uric acid troubles, and is beneficial to general health. TRY IT!

URODONAL, prices 5s. & 12s. Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 & 12/6, from the British Agents, HEPPELS, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1., from whom also can be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

GLOBEOL

The Ideal Tonic.

Anæmia
Convalescence
Neurasthenia
Nervous
Disorders



"Courage! Globéol will soon restore your health and strength!"

Globéol is a complete treatment for ANÆMIA. It rapidly strengthens and tones up the whole system, shortens the period of convalescence, and gives a feeling of health, comfort and renewed vigour. After taking Globéol for a few days the eyes become bright, the cheeks glow with colour and life, movements are brisk, and there is complete absence of weariness and depression. As an aid towards recovering from Influenza or any other illness, Globéol is invaluable.

Price 5/- per bottle. Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists, or direct, post free, 5/3, from the British Agents, HEPPELS, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1., from whom can also be obtained, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatise on Diet."

Health Triumphant

You will have vigorous health and abundant nerve-energy if you take Sanatogen daily.

Get the good out of life. Make your body and brains yield the highest output of happiness and vital accomplishment.

Health is the first thing—the indispensable thing! You cannot taste the real sweets of existence—you cannot feel the urge of ambition, the joy of success—while you drift on, day after day, with your vitality ebbing, your nerve-centres sluggish, your whole system weakened and depressed.

Take Sanatogen regularly every day. That will soon impart to your body such steady strength and up-lifting energy that you will feel a new being, with new health, new hopes, and a new enjoyment of life.

"The user of Sanatogen," writes Dr. Claude L. Wheeler, "is richly rewarded in freedom from languor, a gain of strength and activity, alertness of mind and a rapid restoration of the ability to plan and execute."

Be sure you get Genuine

SANATOGEN

THE TRUE FOOD-TONIC.

Your chemist sells Sanatogen from 2/3 to 10/9 per tin, which works out at under 2½d. a dose—less than the price of a cup of tea or coffee in a restaurant! Look for the label bearing the name

GENATOSAN LTD. (British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Co.)

(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhondda),

12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1



THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP: NEW ISSUES.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE period of the plebiscites is creating a new class of postage stamps of distinct historic interest. We have already seen plebiscite issues for Slesvig, Upper Silesia, Eastern Silesia, and the special French overprints for their administration of the Saar basin. There are others to come from Danzig and Allenstein, and there is a series just to hand from Marienwerder. This is a district of West Prussia at present under an Inter-Allied Commission, and the stamps have been issued under the direction of this body. They came into use on March 13, 1920. The design represents a woman holding a trophy, with a background formed by the flags of the Allies. The motto, "Populi Voluntas," figures on the pedestal on which the allegorical figure is standing. There are fourteen denominations in the set, from 5 pfennige to 5 marks.

Another interesting new series hails from the Army Corps of White Ruthenia, one of the anti-Bolshevist forces which is struggling to free Ruthenia from the firebrands. The design is a simple rustic picture of a young couple in national dress amid rural scenery. It is an allegory of the end of the war and the ensuing blessing of Peace. The design is by a noted Ruthenian artist, and it has been engraved by M. Richard Sarinsch, who was formerly director of the Imperial State Printing Works at Petrograd, but is now controlling the State Printing Works of Latvia at Riga. The denominations are 5, 10, 15 and 50 kopecs, and 1 rouble; all five values exist either perforated or imperforate.

I have already described and illustrated four of the designs of the Bavarian "farewell" issue of stamps, which mark the final fusion of Bavaria's postal interests with those of Germany. The high values 3, 5, 10 and 20 marks are in a different design, which I illustrate this week.

Yugo-Slavia has recently added two more values to its series of current stamps produced at Laibach; these are the 15-heller blue and 30-heller red, in two types of the "young giant" design. The design is an allegory of the young nation breaking the fetters of the Hapsburg domination, and taking a place among the independent nations of the new Europe.

The freeing of Lettgalen, a part of Latvia, from the

prepared under the short-lived government of the notorious Colonel Bermond. The paper was confiscated by the Latvians when they recaptured Mitau, and they have used it up for making these new postage stamps.

By the introduction of the process known as "laminating coal," a way has at last been found for utilising all the

waste materials inseparable from coal-mining. It is claimed that millions of tons of material hitherto cast aside as useless, can now be manufactured cheaply and easily into a "laminated coal" of great commercial value. This fuel is compressed in layers, and can be used in large blocks, small blocks, or broken up into pieces as desired. In bunkers on a ship it saves 15 per cent. in cubic storing capacity, while it has a calorific value of from 15 to 20 per cent. above the ordinary waste coal from which it is made. "Laminating coal" has nothing whatever in common with "briquettes" or patent fuel. The simplicity of the process enables it to be sold at a less price than the coal from which it is made. It can be lighted in the same way as an ordinary coal fire, and the "laminations" ensure perfect combustion. There is an equally large field for the use of peat, lignite, and oil-shale. A company has been formed (Laminated Coal, Ltd.) with a capital of £750,000, which has acquired the British patent and foreign rights of Mr. Richard Bowen in connection with the making of this fuel.

The Post Office can do the right thing sometimes! A letter from Antwerp bearing the vague address of "Monsieur le Directeur de l'Assurance Co., Ltd., Spécialiste en Autobus ou Moto-car Assurances, Londres," has just been delivered to the Motor Union Insurance Company, Ltd., 10, St James's Street, London, S.W.1. A little more of this kind of thing, and even the telephone subscriber will begin to have hopes.



THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP: NEW ISSUES.

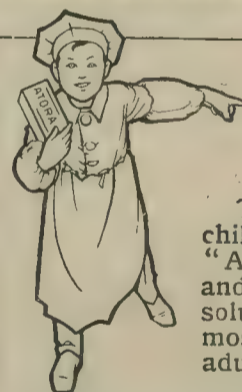
1 and 2. Printed on superfluous Bolshevik bank notes: a Latvian stamp (front and reverse) issued on the freeing of Lettgalen. 3. An allegory of peace: a stamp of the anti-Bolshevist Army Corps of White Ruthenia. 4. "Populi Voluntas": a Marienwerder Plebiscite issue under an Inter-Allied Commission. 5. Bavaria's "farewell" issue before her postal union with Germany: the design for the high values. 6 and 7. The "young giant" breaking Hapsburg fetters: Yugo-Slavia—two new values in the Laibach series.—[Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.]

Bolshevists in March was made the occasion for the issue of two commemorative stamps, of rather larger size, but with a pleasing design printed in delicate colours. Owing to the shortage of paper, these stamps, like an earlier Latvian issue, are printed on the back of paper which was already partly printed on. On the reverse of these stamps are portions of unfinished 10-mark bank-notes

Does all
you can want—as
well as you can wish

Calvert's
[CARBOLIC]
Tooth Powder

Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester.



Happy well
nourished Children—

To be well nourished, healthy and happy, children must have natural soluble fat. "ATORA" is good fresh Beef Suet, refined and sterilized, and is the finest quality soluble fat procurable. It is amongst the most essential foods for both children and adults.

In pastry, puddings, piecrusts, etc., "ATORA" builds up and gives children vitality and maintains it in adults. It is all pure food and most economical in use. All tissue, waste and moisture have been removed and it will keep sweet for many weeks. There cannot be better value than "ATORA."

"ATORA"
Refined BEEF SUET

is nourishing food and makes other foods far more nourishing.

Ask your Grocer for a pound or half-pound packet to-day — SHREDDED for puddings and pastry. IN FLOCKS for frying and all cookery purposes.

1½ lbs. "Atora" equals 2 lbs. of raw Suet.

Sole Manufacturers,
HUGON & Co., Ltd.
MANCHESTER.



"THE MOST AWFUL SPECTACLE IN HISTORY."

MILLIONS OF CHILDREN NAKED AND STARVING IN EUROPE.

**Every British Citizen Called Upon to Help—But it Must be To-day—
To-morrow May be Too Late.**

WITH HUMAN DESTINY AT STAKE WILL YOU STAND IDLY BY?

Another Helpless Child is Dead—ANOTHER—and ANOTHER—While You Read—And Hesitate!

WE have won the War. We are justly proud. We are spending on our well-earned amusements and our comfortable meals **millions of pounds every day!**

And all the time, outside our very doors, a multitude of helpless children and stricken mothers are perishing for want of food and clothes—not One Thousand, Two Thousand, or a Hundred Thousand, but **MILLIONS**. It is not in China or Thibet. It is in Europe—a mere tourist's trip from where you are reading now. It is not due to natural causes which we might regard as Destiny and for which we might feel inactively sorry. It is part of the price which poor, innocent children are paying for the glorious victory we have won.

A TERRIBLE FACT.

Cruel cold and famine are stalking among these hapless mites, without clothing, without fires, without shelter, and, spreading their miserable agony far and wide. It is a terrible fact that in some districts there is **not a child alive under the age of 7 years.**

If we stand by and let such things be without raising a hand or spending a penny to avert the wholesale catastrophe, we are for ever humiliated in the eyes of God and Man.

Your opportunity is now. All the channels of relief are organised—part by America, under the guiding hand of Mr. Hoover, and part by Britain's "Save the Children" Fund, under the Chairmanship of Lord Weardale, which has this year contributed £200,000 to help the little ones in all the Famine Areas, irrespective of Race, Politics or Religion.

HOW WILL YOU HELP?

There are many ways in which you can help—knowing that what you can collect or subscribe will be distributed under the direction of distinguished organisers who know how to apply every penny without waste or misuse.

Lord Weardale will personally acknowledge every donation to the Fund. He is also very anxious to secure the co-operation of Public Men and leaders of Society—anyone, in fact, who has in the past assisted to raise Funds in the form of Local Subscription Lists, Charity Funds, Dances, Whist Drives, Concerts, etc.

Whatever you can spare—however much or however little—is distributed personally by willing helpers of the relief agencies supported by the "Save the Children" Fund. Every few pence you can so easily spare means a meal for a poor, starving child. Every few shillings means warm clothes for a poor, shivering, wasted childish form. Every few pounds means shelter, rest, change of air, and kindly care for a homeless infant.

2s. will Provide a Daily Dinner for One Child for One Week.

£1 will Feed and Clothe a Naked, Starving Child.

£2 10s. will take an Ailing Child to Switzerland, where kindly Foster Parents are ready to give it Three Months' Good Food and Nurse it back to Health.

£100 will Feed 1,000 Children for One Week.

The mothers and friends of these starving children know that this relief is British, and every little one saved to-day is a friend for Britain in the future. But it is not for this political advantage that you are going now to loosen your purse-strings. You are

milk. This will have to be done by private charities."

Dr. Arthur Guttery (President, National Free Church Council):—

"The first duty of the new peace is to

Subscriptions on Active Service within 24 Hours.

Whatever you can spare cannot be too small to be of value to the cause. Every penny you collect or subscribe will be immediately applied to the desperately urgent need of the starving and homeless. Within twenty-four hours your subscription will be doing active good, so perfect is the "Save the Children" Organisation—so eagerly helpful are its willing workers.

WHAT ONE PENNY WILL DO.

The great call to our humanity and pity surely cannot fail to stir every generous feeling in our hearts. Nobody is asked to deny themselves. Pennies count as well as pounds. But it must be to-day.

If every Briton in receipt of wages or income gave even one penny a day for two months only, the children of Europe would be saved.

In some towns in Central Europe there is no milk, no fats, no meats. Babies who are not fed by their weak, half-starved mothers have no food but frost-bitten potatoes. In most cases they die. But far greater the tragedy of those that live on in this appalling misery. Every week babies are born to people who have literally not one single rag to put round them.

Just think of it, you who live your comfortable lives. The memory of those who died in the war for humanity's sake demands your help in this awful crisis. Let us do all we can before it is too late, so that none can say that we have lived and that our loved ones died in vain.

Your personal subscription or offer of help should be addressed to Lord Weardale, "Save the Children" Fund, Room 185, 26, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W. 1.—but please make it quickly, for every moment you hesitate another innocent life may be forfeit.



In Europe alone Cruel Cold and Famine are stalking amongst MILLIONS of helpless mites, who are without Food, without Fires and without Shelter. Is all this terrible Agony nothing to YOU?

going to help because you know the comfort and joy of having saved precious lives and of having justly earned the gratitude of the helpless.

THE UNANIMOUS SUPPORT OF EVERY CREED AND RELIGION.

The "Save the Children" Fund is the only Relief Organisation which has the whole-hearted support of the leaders of every movement, every creed and every denomination.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says:—

"We cannot exaggerate the importance of the appeal for our immediate help. Let the greatness of the need be realised, and the British people will, I am persuaded, do their utmost to stay the scourge."

General Smuts writes:—

"It is the most awful spectacle in History, and no one with any heart or regard for human destiny can contemplate it without the deepest emotion. It is a case . . . for a mission of rescue work such as the world has never seen."

Mr. Hoover (U.S.A. Food Minister):—

"There are at the present moment more than three and a half millions in Europe who will die if they are not provided with

rescue millions . . . from the threat of starvation. I am convinced that Central Europe is in danger of a famine which may involve all nations in a common ruin. The cry of the hungry can never be foreign to the followers of the Son of Man."

offer of help should be addressed to Lord Weardale, "Save the Children" Fund, Room 185, 26, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W. 1.—but please make it quickly, for every moment you hesitate another innocent life may be forfeit.

"SAVE THE CHILDREN" FUND

OBJECTS.—TO HELP THE CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE FAMINE AREAS.

PATRONS:

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY; HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER; THE REV. A. T. GUTTERY; THE RT. HON. EARL CURZON, K.G.; THE RT. HON. LORD ROBERT CECIL, M.P.

To LORD WEARDALE,

Chairman of Committee of "Save the Children" Fund, (Room 185), 26, Golden Square, Regent St., London, W. 1.

SIR,—I would like to help the Starving Children in the Famine Areas of Europe and Asia Minor and enclose . . . as a donation to the "Save the Children" Fund.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE GUITRY SEASON. AT THE ALDWYCH.

IT is the acting of Sacha Guitry and his comrades that really matters, rather than the material on which it works, delicately adjusted though it is to that material. The Boulevard atmosphere of the plays, wherein love is treated as a caprice and marital fidelity as a myth, there is no need to take too seriously at this hour of day; what London epicures, grateful to Miss Viola Tree for the chance, are flocking to the Aldwych to see is gesticulation raised to the dignity of a fine art, diction exquisitely modulated and as free from gabbling as from languor, histrionics which get every ounce of effect out of every speech and situation, and make use of the actor's whole equipment—hands, eyes, face, limbs, as well as voice—and that ensemble between the artists which only training in a good school can secure. Not that there is any need to run down the "Sacha" comedies—those airy, witty, impudent

almanac scene, in which a yielding heroine tears off dates so that her policeman lover may fulfil his boasts of conquest before the time, already become a classic in all good theatregoers' memories? M. Sacha Guitry as player knows what he intended as author, and sees that "i's" are dotted and "t's" crossed; his gestures are as eloquent as his speech; there is never a moment when every bit of him is not acting; there is never a chance which his virtuosity misses. Whether he is ranging the gamut of emotions as in "Nono," or varying the pitch of self-confident amorousness as in "Berg-op-Zoom," he resembles some expert instrumentalist giving full scope to his technique. But he is not a star surrounded by mere satellites; his company in its work emulates the finish of its leader. In Mlle. Yvonne

Printemps it may be said we have an actress not only of accomplishment, but also of fascinating personality who can lend charm as readily to the heartless minx Nono as to the more ingenuous Paulette.

This week we are promised the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with Guitry père, of whom, after all, it is well to be reminded, Sacha Guitry the actor is more or less the pupil.

"WHY MARRY?" AT THE COMEDY.

A playwright who insists on dealing with the hackneyed subject of marriage and its difficulties, failures, and alternatives, should at any rate justify his serving up of stale fare by some freshness of treatment. His surest way to

favour is, of course, the contribution of some new ingredient in the shape of original thought; but if that is beyond him, and he must depend on lightness of touch, he should be ready to meet the demand for the sauce piquante of wit. From "G. B. S." once upon a time we got both these things together; but Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams—presumably an American author—is no Bernard Shaw, though

he emulates the Irishman's loquacity. He offers us for ideas certain Shavianisms sadly thinned out; he mixes farce, melodrama, sentimentality, and problem story none too appetisingly; and he gives us endless discussion conducted by conventional types (thus, this character, he



PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT PLANTING MEMORIAL TREES AT KEITH: AN INTERESTING GROUP.

From left to right in the group are: Mrs. Taylor, M.B.E., Princess Arthur of Connaught (holding the presentation trowel), Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Major Taylor, M.D., and Mr. S. W. Mayer, Borough Treasurer.



THE COURT-MARTIAL AS TO THE FALL OF MAUBEUGE: MARSHAL JOFFRE TESTIFYING IN FAVOUR OF GENERAL FOURNIER [Photograph by Photopress.]

trilles as daintily shaped and insubstantial as bubbles, as exhilarating for the moment as a glassful of champagne. "Nono," with its precocious stage-craft, seen at its best when the tables are turned on the gallant who has robbed his friend of his mistress, seems still a wonderful *tour de force* for a playwright in his teens; and as for "Berg-op-Zoom," also presented last week, has not its famous

tells us naively, believes in divorce, this other was not brought up to be anything but rich and rarely relieved by talk that approaches vivacity. The one moderately refreshing person in the play, more for what he does than says, is a judge who insists on marrying right away a couple who are going to live together outside matrimony because the woman thinks that as wife she will hamper the man's career. Mr. Aubrey Smith tries to put some humour into the judge's part; Miss Rosa Lynd is earnest in the heroine's elaborate explanation of why she should not marry; Miss Henrietta Watson has one chance in a tirade assigned to a rich man's chattel; and Mr. A. E. George is thrown away in the cast.

Education has too often been treated by its exponents as an austere subject. A refreshing contrast occurs in a little book called "The Joy of Education" (Bell and Sons), by William Platt, describing the successful co-education school which he and his wife founded and conducted for nine years at Grindleford, in Derbyshire.

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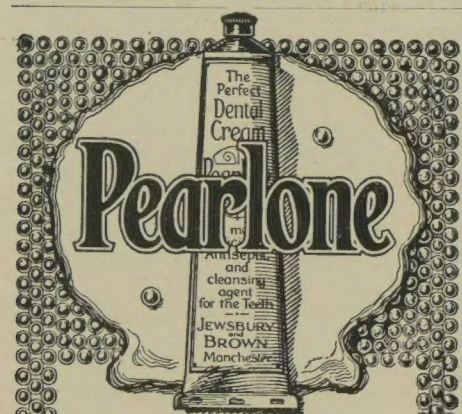
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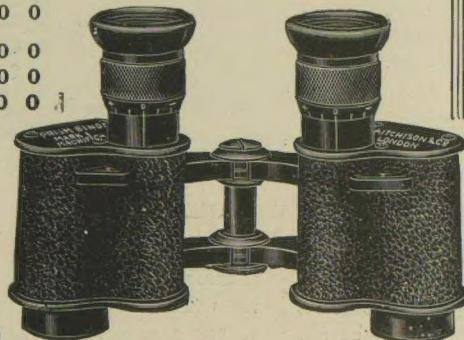
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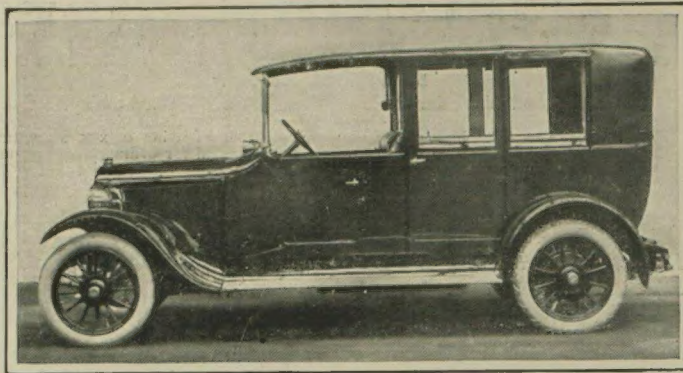
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Ministry of Transport Rumour.

Neither as motorists nor as travellers at large have we anything for which to thank the new Ministry of Transport, and I imagine that, were it to be scrapped out of hand, there would be few tears shed over its grave, save by those who have, or anticipate, comfortable jobs under its shelter. My friend "Owen John," of the *Autocar*, who is especially well placed for knowing what is toward in these matters, makes the startling suggestion that the motor taxation proposals of the Ministry may turn out to be its swansong. He indicates very plainly that the demand for economy in public administration has drawn official attention to the costly experiment now being conducted under the ægis of Sir Eric Geddes, and that the Prime Minister may shortly throw it to the wolves.

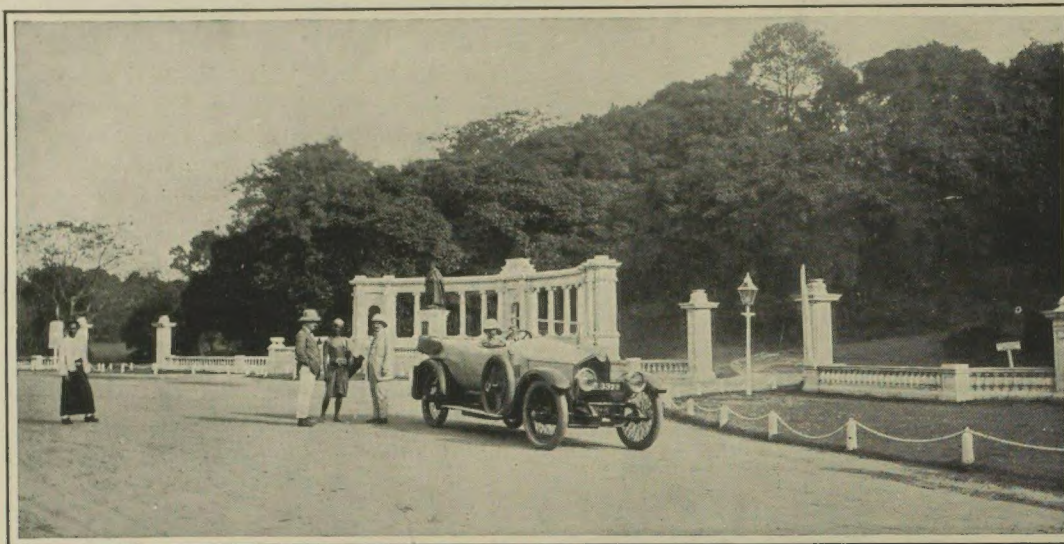
Outside railway circles, very few people associated with the transport interests of the country viewed the initiation of the Ministry with anything but the gravest misgiving. It will be remembered that the Bill giving effect to the Ministry of Transport was bitterly opposed in and out of Parliament, and that it was only by the threat of the Government to make its passage a question of confidence that it survived at all. While it may be true that the Ministry is too young as yet to have had a real chance to show what it can do in co-ordinating the transport of the country, it is still permissible to say that what it has done is not by any means calculated to inspire confidence in its future administration. It has not succeeded in improving railway conditions. Indeed, it is not unfair to say that all round they are worse than they were when the Ministry came into being. In the matter of road transport it has been responsible for dealing one of the worst blows to mechanical traction the latter has ever received. I refer, of course, to the highly objectionable taxation proposals which have been embodied in the present Finance Bill. Whether there is anything in the rumour or not (personally, I believe there is) I think I am voicing

the views of the motoring community at any rate when I say that I sincerely hope it is true. Even granting that in years to come the Ministry of Transport could achieve all Sir Eric Geddes set out to do, the country cannot afford it. The nation



AN ELEGANT SEVEN-SEATER: AN "AUSTIN TWENTY" LANDULET.

is in no different case from the individual who can see how to improve his position by the expenditure of money he does not possess and cannot raise by legitimate means. He has to carry on in the old way until he can afford the change.



MOTORING AT RANGOON: A 25-30-H.P. R.F.C. MODEL CROSSLEY OUTSIDE THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL GATEWAY TO THE ROYAL LAKES.

A statue of King Edward may be seen in the background, beyond, and above, the rear end of the car.

An Objectionable Idea. We have all been so busy in the discussion of the taxation proposals of the Committee on Vehicle Taxation, that we seem to have missed the point of certain other parts of the Report. I wonder what the generality of motorists will think of the following, which is extracted from Part 2—

* First licenses in respect of motor vehicles to be taken out with the local authority in whose area the vehicle is kept, who will issue to the licensees:

(1) The license, to be a card of a distinctive colour, which will indicate thereby when it expires, and to contain necessary particulars as to name and address of the owner, registration number, horse-power, unladen weight or seating capacity of the vehicle, and the amount of duty payable. (2.) A book somewhat on the lines of a post-office savings book, containing full particulars in detail with regard to the vehicle, and the name and address of the licensee, and particulars of registration.

The license to be always carried on the vehicle in a conspicuous place, where it can be seen by any passenger, or when the vehicle is stationary, by any police or taxation officer, and to be protected against damage by rain or other causes.

It is the last paragraph that seems to me to be objectionable in the last degree. Is every petty official to be vested with the power to pry into our cars out of sheer love of annoyance, and are all our movements to

be publicly advertised to all who like to take the trouble to investigate the ownership and origin of cars which we use for our own private purposes? I have nothing to say against a provision to the effect that the license and registration papers should be carried on the car. In case of accident, for instance, it might be very useful to have them. But to have to carry them like the list of fares in a taxi-cab or a motor-bus is too like the Prussian system for my liking. If we concede this point it will not be long before our law-makers compel us to carry an identification card in front of our hats. I trust this proposal will be fought tooth and nail. We are already quite sufficiently docketed; and, apart from any other aspect of the matter, I can quite conceive that this proposal for carrying the license "on

(Continued overleaf.)

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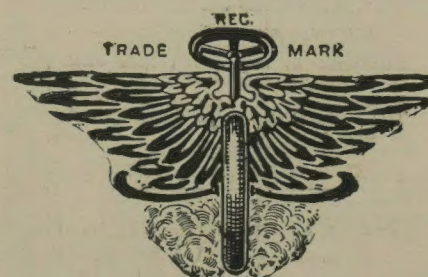
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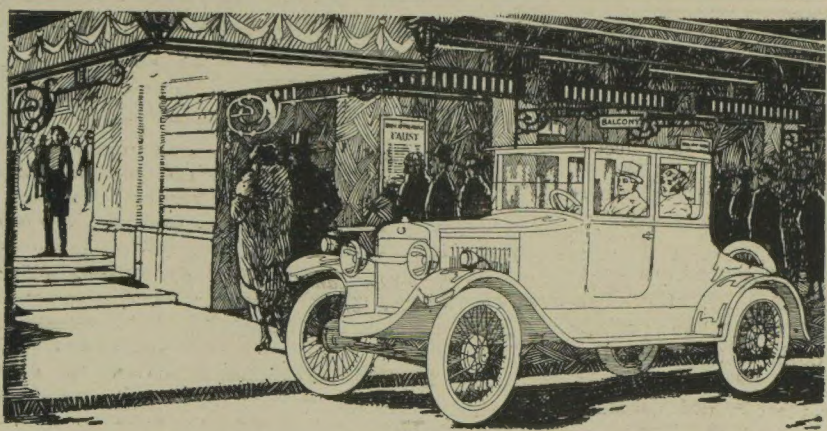
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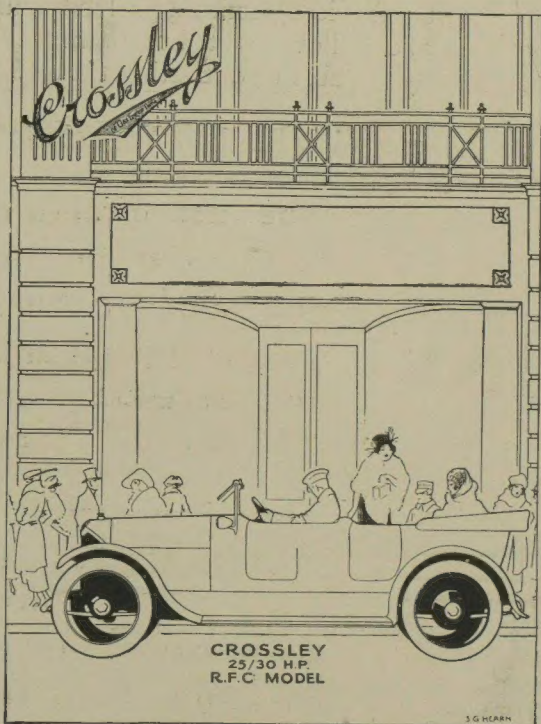
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Your affectionate,

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P.S.—If I had sent you this a few days before your twenty-second birthday we might have saved three and fourpence per annum in premiums. This is one up against me.

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Mass Production Cars.

We are all beginning to wonder when the mass-production programmes of British firms, announced with much flourishing of trumpets, are going to materialise into real cars. So far as I know, only two such firms are really getting into their stride—Austin and Angus-Sanderson. The former are, I am told, turning out round about one hundred cars a week, while the latter have topped half that number, and will in a very few weeks achieve the hundred mark. Of course, neither are up to their full programme yet; but progress such as the figures indicate means that they will now, apart from labour troubles or other unforeseen hindrances, rapidly accelerate production until the maximum they have in view is attained. In the face of all the difficulties that have had to be encountered, these firms are to be congratulated upon their achievement.

The Harper, Bean combination, too, is going strongly, and has reached the real production stage, with an output of, I believe, about two hundred cars per month from their several factories; but as to the rest of those who were doing great things—on paper—one does not hear

much about them, and one imagines those who have been waiting and hoping for new cars of the marks involved will have to be content for some time longer to live upon hope deferred.

Some New Accessories.

Messrs. Brown Bros. have lately sent me quite a collection of new accessories for trial. One of these is the "Liquall" petrol-filler, which I find to be a very effective device for its purpose. It empties the can very quickly, with no waste, and the flexible tube with which it is equipped makes it easy to fill the most awkwardly placed tank. Then there is a very useful hammer, of pressed steel, in the shaft of which is concealed a perfect nest of screw-drivers of all sizes, down to the tiniest for magneto adjustment. Not the least useful accessory is a large rubber sponge for washing the car, which, unlike most of its kind, really holds water.

W. W.

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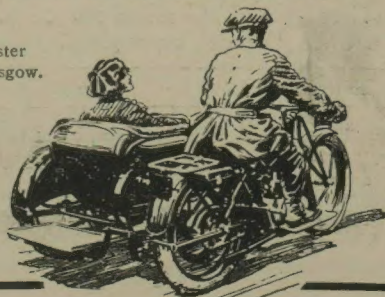
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